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SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA EAST

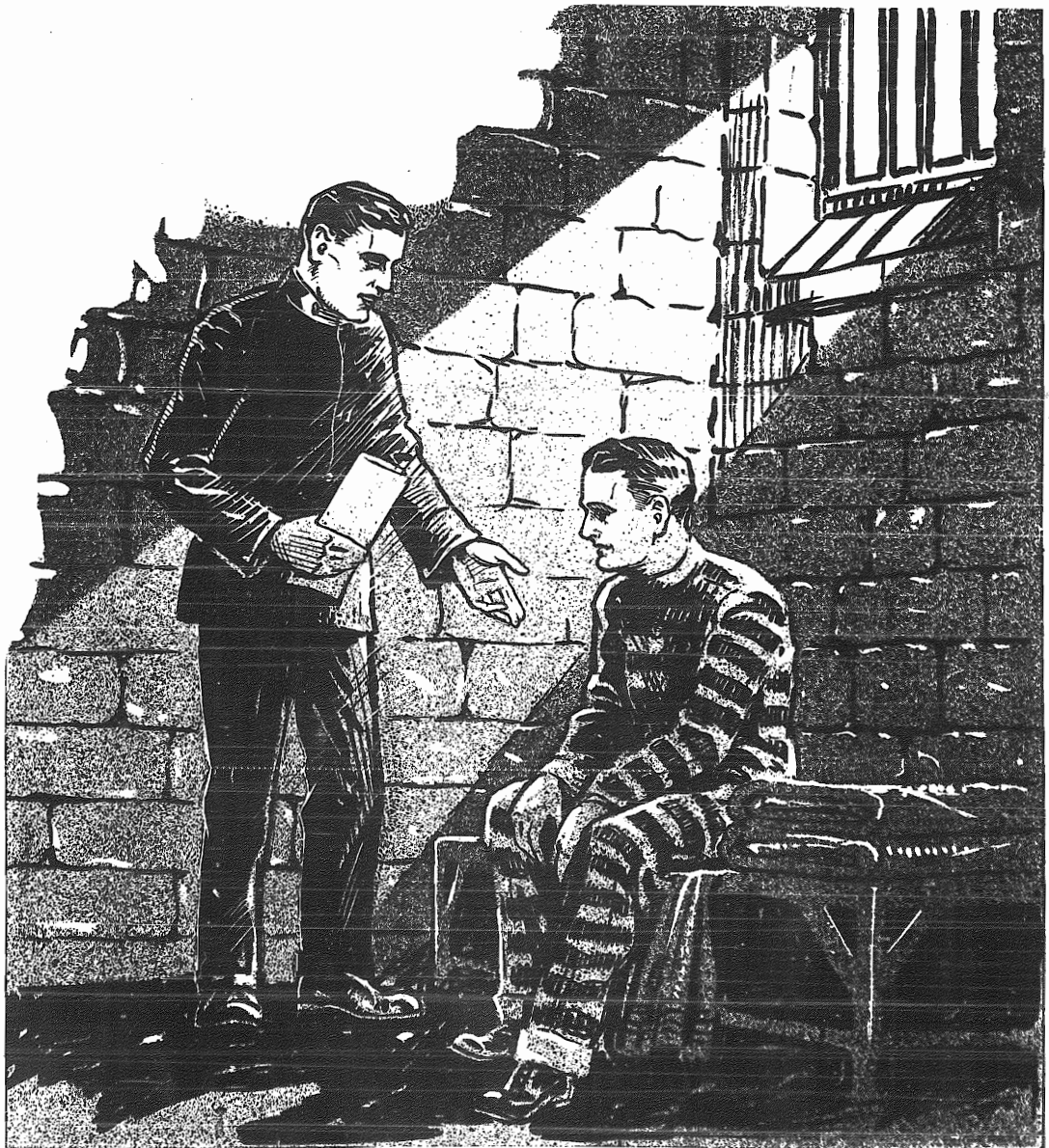
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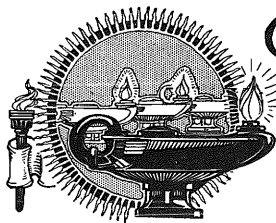
Number 2175 Price Five Cents

TORONTO, JUNE 19th, 1926

CHARLES SOWTON, Commissioner



"I WAS IN PRISON, AND YE CAME UNTO ME."—Matt. 25:36.



The LIGHT

from Many Lamps

—IN THE GARDEN—

APHORISMS ON LIFE AND FAITH

We are called to live well, and we live well if we serve others good and leave them a better chance of godliness; but they are not necessarily helped by the fortunes we bequeath to them.

Life could not possibly continue without sacrifices, and even religion is not possible without them.

You need not talk much about your religion to your close relatives. They know just where you are in the matter.

Worry—which is more than carefulness—disturbs, distracts, disorganizes, disqualifies, because it affects the evenness of the temper, and is always unbecoming for Christians.

No man need lose his soul, and happily a man may make the best of this world and the world to come.

NOT A VISITOR

Jesus did not come to be a visitor in your heart; He came to be the Master. Throw all the doors of your heart open to Him; tell Him you can do nothing with it. Your heart shall be His home then, and He will make it bright and lovely by His presence. Then He will teach you to serve. Together you will work; and then, how you will learn to love the Master-workman!"

"WHY ARE YE TROUBLED?"

—Luke 24:38

If ever men had good reason to be troubled surely the disciples had at this time. All their hopes and plans had fallen to the earth in a ghastly ruin on Good Friday. The One they loved best in the world was dead. They were in personal danger from the hostile Jew. Now they were facing the mystery of His appearances after the Resurrection.

Were they not facing the four things that complete the horizon of human troubles—disappointment, death, danger, mystery? Are not these the four strings on which all the dirges of human sorrow can be produced?

Knowing all this Jesus intimates that there is no reason for being troubled and then tells them why.

If we are to learn aright this cure for human sorrow, we must notice that he did not relieve their disappointment by proclaiming a Kingdom; did not deny His death, but showed His wounds; did not remove the danger of persecution, and did not explain the mystery of His presence. ALL HE DID WAS TO PROVE THE REALITY OF HIS RESURRECTION. That was His cure for all human trouble.

Earthly kingdoms lost will be replaced by an eternal Kingdom won; death has been conquered by the Prince of Life. Dangers endured in the flesh will merit a crown of life in Heaven, and all mystery shall vanish when we arise to be with Him.

When we know Christ and the power of His Resurrection, let us not be troubled, but trusting. J. G.

This very day, in this northern land of ours, there are literally hundreds of thousands of folk busy at that world-old task of making a garden. That garden may be confined to a few square yards behind a crowded city dwelling, or it may be out on the limitless prairie and include hundreds of acres.

Men trust their seed in the soil in hope and expectation, and that is the heart of it all. And what faith and hope they have as they busy themselves with the task! Other sowings may not have been very fruitful, but there is always the hope that this one will have its fine yield.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast whenever men go out to scatter their seed on the face of the good, clean earth. That it is so seems to hint that every man, whether consciously or not, has a sublime faith in the great eternal processes. Through untold centuries men have been planting and sowing, and in the process they have learned to have faith and hope and a great expectation as each year they come up to the task anew.

There must have been very many fruitful harvests before that faith and expectation could become such an instinct of the soul. And indeed, have there not been untold fruitful harvests throughout all the crowding years! Surely the God of the harvest has remembered men through all these millenniums!

And in the garden to-day do we not feel that in a very wonderful way we are working with Him?

The Family Circle

To assist in the promotion of Christian fellowship at the evening family circle, we suggest the use of the Bible portions and comments here given. Any converted member of the family should audibly read the portions after the meal is finished and before the members disperse for the pursuits of the evening.

Sunday, June 20th—2 Cor. 7:1-16.

This godly sorrow is the outcome of the Holy Spirit's work in the soul. In the light of Calvary, sin is seen to be shameful and hateful. Willingness to confess and forsake it brings forgiveness and the new Birth. The soul, then begins the new, sin-free, God-honoring life which leads to eternal life beyond the grave. Surely such sorrow is well-named "A repentance which bringeth no regrets." Monday, June 21st—2 Cor. 8:1-12.

The gift that God most desires is the surrender of ourselves entirely to Him, as "living sacrifices." This will make all our other gifts acceptable to Him.

Our most effective gifts, even to the poor and needy, are those which involve the giving of ourselves.

"For the gift without the giver is bare;

Who gives himself with his aims feeds three,
Himself, his hungry neighbor, and Me."

Tuesday, June 22nd—2 Cor. 8:13-24.

If you have anything to do with other people's money or property, be very careful how you look after them, or account for them. It is not enough for you to feel in your heart that you are honest, but you must arrange matters so that they can be seen to be honest "in the sight of men."

Wednesday, June 23rd—2 Cor. 9:1-15.

Cheerful sowers give out of love, and God counts as precious even our meagre gifts if they be love-offerings.

"Rich gifts that heaven delights to see,
The poorest hands may hold;
The love that of its poverty
Gives kindly succor, prompt and free,

Is worth its weight in gold.
The least disciple need not say
'I have no alms to give away'
If love be in the heart."

Thursday, June 24th—2 Cor. 10:1-11.

"Think, if Christ had to live your life, how He would live it—with what graciousness, gentleness, forthrightness, sympathy in joy and sorrow." (Spurgeon.)

If we follow Him in lowliness, patience and love, we cannot but bless all with whom we come into touch.

"More grace! O Lord, more grace!
More sweetness from Thy loving heart,

More sunshine from Thy face!"

Friday, June 25th—2 Cor. 10:12-18.

By which standard do we judge ourselves—our own or the Lord's? Are we foolishly self-satisfied because we feel ourselves to be better than some around us?

To be amongst those who shall stand approved at last, we must be worthy of the Lord's commendation, and a pure heart is more precious in His sight than anything else on earth. Saturday, June 26th—2 Cor. 11:1-15.

Paul's affection for his spiritual children was great. He longed that they should grow in grace and in the knowledge of Christ. To help them to do so he was willing to bear or suffer anything. May we know something of this passion for souls!

"The Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee. He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee."—Deuteronomy 31:6.

In pastures green? Not always. Sometimes He Who knoweth best in kindness leadeth me In weary ways where heavy shadows be. So whether on the hill-top high and fair I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where The shadows be, what matter? He is there.

J. K. J. ON "MANY MANSIONS"

"The joy of labor, the joy of giving, are the wages of God. These realms of endless bliss in which, according to popular theology, we are to do nothing for ever and ever, one trusts are but a myth—at least, that they will still recede as we advance," writes Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, the eminent author.

"Perfect rest, perfect content, can only be the final end when all things shall have been accomplished, and even thought has ceased. Until that far off twilight of creation, we trust that, somewhere among His many mansions, God will find work for us, according to our strength."

"To prepare ourselves for the service of God; for that purpose came we into the world. How have we acquitted ourselves? How have we prospered? Who among us dare hope to meet The Master, face to face, with head erect, saying, 'Lord, I have done my best?'"

"But if we have truly sought Him, let us not lack courage. It may be in some contest by ourselves fought, that we won further than we know. Where we have succeeded He will remember. And where we have failed we trust He, understanding, will forgive."

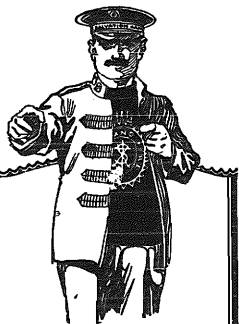
BIBLE BITS

The shortest book in the Bible is the third Epistle of St. John, with but one chapter of 14 verses and 236 words.

The shortest book of the Old Testament is Obadiah, which has but one chapter and 21 verses.

Psalms is the longest book of the Bible, having 150 chapters.

The devil's gospel from the first has been "no future punishment" (Gen. 3:4).



LITTLE SINS THAT MAKE BIG SINNERS

Beware of "little foxes that spoil the vines." Cubs have an awkward way of growing.

Gossip with your neighbor, and the devil is not far away.

One drink does not make a drunkard, but many drinks will make a man drunk. The first little glass does it.

There is no such thing as a "white lie." All lies are "black—as black as Hell—and all liars will have their part in the lake of fire.

It may seem a little thing to "loaf away" your employer's time, but the man or woman who does it is as much a robber as the man who breaks into his house in the dead of night. "Thou shalt not steal."

The BRUISED On The JERICHO ROAD

The International Men's Social Inspector opens his Note-book

If Lieut.-Colonel Barnard, International Men's Social Inspector, is not a Men's Social enthusiast then no one surely can be. For thirty-three years now he has been mixed up with the warp and woof of Shelters, Industrial Institutions, Hostels, and other texture of The Army's Samaritan work.

He is a son of the Social Work. Starting as an Auxiliary, for thirty-two years he has served in its Officer ranks. "I look back with great joy," he remarked, when in the Queen City recently, following a visit of inspection of Canada's Social activities which greatly impressed him, "to my years of seeking to extend a helping hand to the unfortunates of life, and am able to look in every direction and find wonderful trophies who have passed through The Army's open door."

Naturally, the Colonel's mind teems with Social endeavor stories, and he was good enough to leave behind him, for the benefit of our readers, a handful of such.

Amongst the Flotsam and Jetsam

A man who had left his home town in England, to look for work, wandered up and down the country sleeping anywhere, often in hedges, and at last found himself amongst the flotsam and jetsam on the London Embankment. He was in a desperate state of mind; hope had left him, and he felt there was nothing to live for. He was spoken to by the Men's Social night scout, and accepted with gratitude the ticket offered him for an early breakfast. It was the only thing he had received for nothing, apart from rebuffs, that he could remember.

He heard again the "Old, old Story," and decided for Christ. Sent to the Spa Road Elevator to do paper sorting, he, after a period of testing, was transferred to the Old Street Institution as an Orderly, and to-day new hope springs up in his heart—a hope eternal.

The Bridge that carried him over

Twelve months ago a middle-aged man found himself homeless and destitute in Blackfriars' Shelter. He was at one time in an excellent position; in fact he sat in the president's chair of a well-known society of professional men. During the

war he held a commission in the British Army. His brothers are comparatively wealthy.

It was while sitting in a meeting at the Shelter that he heard an Officer speak about God. He had no means of judging whether the speaker's words were true; but they seized his imagination, and he began to pray.

One day he sought Salvation. A new purpose was formed in his heart. "By the help of God and The Army I will yet make good," he determined. Thus he gained a fresh outlook on life, and in a wonderful way there was presented to him an opportunity to design some cottages, work for which he was particularly qualified.

Some weeks ago he wrote to Social Headquarters a letter in which he said: "You will remember that some time ago you found me unemployed as a draughtsman," he began. "Well, I am now in a fairly good position as clerk of works on a big contract. God has been good to me; is it any wonder that I feel drawn to The Salvation Army? I simply cannot get away from it."

It will be seen that this man has not forgotten "the bridge that carried him over." He is now anxious to become a Salvationist, and declares that, in his turn, he wishes to lend a helping hand to those on their "beam ends."

Happy ever after
Jonathan spent three years in gaol, and was saved during a personal interview with an Army Officer in the prison. He was engaged to be married before his conviction, and, despite his default, the young woman wished to keep her promise to him. On release, work was found for the man and marriage arranged. The Army bought the ring, and the couple are now very happily married and have built a new home.

While in Toronto recently, Lieut.-Colonel Barnard was good enough to comply with an Editorial representative's request for some "Social endeavor" stories, and the following are a few of such which the Colonel has collected during his travels in various countries. The majority of the stories are of "last minute" cases helped to their feet by The Army's Samaritan efforts.

"A Man's a Man"

Jacob, a prisoner whom our Officers visited, asked whether we could supply him with a musical instrument in order that he might practise and so be enabled to play for his livelihood on release. The Prison Governor agreed to allow him to receive the gift, and the presentation was made in the prison, the Regent Hall Band providing the instrument. When the Officers were about to pray with the man, objection was raised by the authorities on the ground that the man was a Roman Catholic. The Army Officers explained that we did not enquire about a man's religion when we offered help, but acted on the "Burns" principle—"A man's a man."

Jacob, requesting to be allowed to speak, said: "I have not visited the priest for years; the only people who have helped me out and shown me love are The Salvation Army. If acceptable to these gentlemen, I offer myself now as a Salvationist, and should like to be accepted as a Soldier."

The Farthing King

An Oxford graduate, in prison for bigamy, requested a special interview with The Army Officer, and asked if The Army could find him work. He had been living by selling lucky farthings. "I am the farthing king," he said, "I cut around the image of the king in the farthing, dip it in silver or gold, and sell it for luck." He found Salvation and is doing well. The Army set him up with a little business, and he and his wife and three children are again living happily together.

Something Better

A barman was found by the police on one of the Embankment seats, having taken a dose of iodine. The Army housed him for a couple of weeks, during which time he was dealt with faithfully about his soul, and he was led to see the error of his way. He was advised as to how to obtain work, secured a post, and left expressing praise and gratitude for what had been done for him.

A Noose round his Neck

A young agricultural laborer, whilst occupied on a farm in South Wales, met with an accident and lost his right hand. Compensation was awarded

In all the operations which are ensnared within what is known as the Social Work, The Army seeks not only to lift to his feet the man who is down, but strives to get him to place his hand in the stronger hand of the Great Companion, who alone can take him safely along the perilous road of life.

ed him and he came to London where his mother resided. She, sad to say, is an habitual drunkard and dissipated his money in drink. The lad found himself on tramp, and a commercial traveler took pity on him and lodged him with a young married couple until he could find work. Two or three weeks later, having failed to obtain employment, and feeling that he was in the way, he determined to end his life, and was discovered in the nick of time as he was placing the noose of a rope, which was suspended from a beam, round his neck. The commercial traveler brought him to the Anti-suicide Bureau and promised to co-operate with us in putting the boy on his feet. Employment has now been found for the lad, and better still, he was a volunteer in the mercy-seat in a meeting in one of The Army's Homes. Who can tell what bright future may be in store for the lad through this timely help?

Leapt into the river

One Tuesday evening in September, an ex-service man—"down on his luck"—without a home or means of support, was crossing one of the bridges over the Thames in London, when, acting upon a sudden impulse, born of desperation, he leapt into the river. The vigilant eye of a watchful Thames policeman saw the act, and with the aid of a boat he quickly landed the man on the embankment. Next day a message came over the telephone to the Anti-suicide Bureau. The man was visited by an Army Officer in the infirmary to which he had been taken, and the authorities were informed that The Army would take his case over.

The following Friday found him in the Anti-suicide Bureau, where he was given loving and sage counsel. The question of his future was discussed. Having no trade, he was given help to secure goods with which to trade as a hawk. The man was unable to adequately express his gratitude for The Army's help at a critical time.

A Family Tragedy Averted

A man, between thirty and forty years of age, called on me to see the Officer in charge of one of The Army's Investigation Departments. He stated he had been married twice, having been divorced from his first wife because of her unfaithfulness. He had been at one time managing director of a banking firm at a salary of £2,000 per annum. Unfortunately the bank went into liquidation. He had also been buyer to a well-known firm of provision merchants, and had held other high-salaried posts, until a slump in trade left him without employment. He was heavily in arrears in rents, and also was much overdue with the instalments on his furniture which had been secured on the hire system.

The wife of his second marriage was a very religious woman, recognizing God in her life and home. One little daughter had come to delight the home. The husband told the Officer in charge, however, that in his despondency overmastering promptings came to him at times to strangle his wife and child and do away with himself. He felt God had forsaken them and if nothing soon turned up he would have no alternative but to resort to this terrible measure.

After a long conversation with our Officer, during which the poor fellow was reminded of the simple plan of Salvation and of the Heavenly Father's never-sleeping care for those who put their trust in Him, a letter was sent to one of the presiding magistrates at the County Court appealing for an extension of time having regard to the very extenuating circumstances in which the man was placed.

The Officer also set to work by telephone to get in touch with gentlemen who knew the man, and one of these agreed in conjunction with a colleague, to provide him with £2 a week for five weeks to tide him over, and he said that possibly during this time he himself might be able to discover an opening for the unfortunate man. Thus a family tragedy was averted, hope in God restored, and the Kingdom of God on earth was enriched.

A Civil Servant Finds Aid

One of the cases of threatened suicide which came into the hands of the Anti-suicide Bureau during December last was a civil servant, a widower with four children. The father came to the office in a distraught condition consequent upon financial difficulties. Two Societies with whom he had negotiated loans had taken Court proceedings and had judgments served up on him.

On the day he came to the Bureau, his deposits, due to be paid to Court, were fifteen days overdue. In his despair he was seriously contemplating taking his life. He was reasoned with, and ways and means were suggested by which he might gradually better his condition. The Officer promised that The Army would see that the Court payments, then overdue, were paid and the man was further helped with household necessities. The Societies referred to were also seen and easier terms arranged for repayment of the loan, the re-arrangement bringing great relief to the distressed man. The Army is keeping in touch with the man in the hope of his soul's Salvation.

Sometimes the question is asked, "Do these Social trophies stand?" The following incident will serve to answer this. One of our wonderful (Continued on page 13)



Under the FLAG

That Guides poor Sinners on the Way

"THE GREAT SEPARATION" CAMPAIGN

PERSONAL PARS

Readers will regret to hear that Commissioner Hoggard of New Zealand met with a somewhat serious motor accident when journeying to the boat on his way to Headquarters at Wellington, after visiting one of his Corps. The vehicle in which he was riding collided with another motor whilst traveling at a considerable speed.

During a recent campaign, Lieut. Commissioner and Mrs. Rich, of Canada West, traveled 5,600 miles within a period of thirty-two days. They conducted fifty meetings—some in prisons and others on board ship—and 251 seekers were registered.

Commissioner Adam Gifford, Territorial Commander of the Western Territory, U.S.A., recently celebrated his sixty-second birthday. For forty-one years he has been an Officer in America. Two of his sons—Staff-Captain Ruddy and Ensign Ranson—are stationed in the same Territory.

Lieut.-Colonel Priya (Mrs. Trounce) reports that the Soldiery of the South India Territory are aiming at securing 5,000 new adult Converts and 5,000 Young People in connection with the General's Birthday Scheme, in addition to raising a substantial amount of money.

After forty-two years of valiant fighting for God in The Army, Lieut.-Colonel James Bray, Men's Social Secretary for New Zealand, has retired from active service. The Colonel, who is an Australian Officer, and has labored in the Field and in the Social Work in his own country, was also one of the pioneers in Tasmania. The Colonel recently accompanied Hamilton Band to the Walkiria Borstal Institution, where, for the first time, a Salvation Army Meeting was conducted with the inmates.

Major E. James Bax, Divisional Officer for Panama and Costa Rica, is being transferred to the South American (East) Territorial Headquarters. The Major entered the Work from Brighton in 1897.

Lieut.-Commissioner Hira Singh (Hoe) is now conducting a Salvation Campaign in every District and Division of Ceylon.

WASHING INDIA'S FEET

"Doest thou wash my feet?"

A Brahman, visiting a missionary in India, saw on the wall a picture of Christ washing the disciples' feet. The Brahman said, "You Christians pretend to be like Jesus Christ, but you are not: none of you ever wash people's feet." The other replied, "But that is just what we are doing all the time! You Brahmins say you sprang from the head of your god Brahma; that the next caste lower sprang from his shoulders; the next lower from his loins, and the low caste sprang from his feet. We are washing India's feet, and when you proud Brahmins see the low caste and the out-caste getting educated and Christianized, washed, clean, beautiful, and holy, inside and outside, you Brahmins and all India will say, 'Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head.'"

The following account of glorious soul-saving victories in the North Guzerat Division, is from the pen of Adjutant Prem Singh (Gowan), a Canadian Missionary Officer now laboring in India, and who was furloughing in Canada two years ago. His despatch will be read with much interest, not only by his comrades in the Dominion, but by our readers generally.

"You will rejoice to know," writes the Adjutant, "that 'The Great Separation' Campaign which was started over a year ago by Brigadier Dharam Das (Wilson), the new Divisional Commander, has spread like wild fire over hundreds of villages and touched thousands of hearts. Idols have been surrendered and broken, choties (pig tails) and charms (worn around the neck, arms and legs) have been cut off, while we have seen jewelry removed from ears, noses, fingers and wrists. Crowds of men and women have knelt at the foot of the Cross.

"Many who were only half-hearted before have now completely separated themselves from heathen customs and become out and out for God. This has brought much persecution upon some of these people and isolated them from the other villages. In some instances, parents and children have become separated; the fathers remaining heathen while the children have embraced the religion of Jesus, and in doing so have forfeited their inheritance of land, houses, and cattle and much else. Heathen parents have also threatened to take back their daughters who are the wives of men who have become Christians.

"The Headmen of twelve villages met together and decided to fine every family who attended The Army's meetings, and five dear fellows have had to pay a fine of what would be equal to \$8.00 each, a considerable amount in this country.

"In one of the villages, where we have only three Christian families, a little baby belonging to one of these families, died, and none of the neighbors would come near the home or let the parents bury their child in the burying place. The child's father had to walk miles to another village where there were a few Christians and there get someone to bury the little one. This dear fellow is determined to stand for Christ at any cost, even death.

"A number of Melas ('Mela' is a great gathering of people from surrounding villages met together for special meetings) have been held in these parts. All who attended were provided with their food free, the expenses being met by the Salvationists of the particular centre.

"In one of our recent Melas, Major (Dr.) Johansson and the nurses of the Emery Hospital, with the Divisional Commander, and the District,

Sectional, and Corps Officers of the Nadrad District were all present. Hundreds of people assembled.

"These Melas sometimes last (as two have done this week) from eight in the evening until three the following morning. In one of the

Melas held this week we were praying with twenty-eight souls at the penitential form at two in the morning. After this I started my magic lantern service, which continued for another hour, and when I had finished some of the people said to me in surprise: 'Is that all?' Just picture it: four or five hundred people sitting all through the night, praising and worshipping God!

"I should have loved my Canadian comrades to have seen this great sight, and to have witnessed these devoted Salvationists singing and bowing before God in earnest supplication.

"It is a thrilling sight to see the penitents take off their ear-rings, charms and other decorations, and cut off their pig-tails (a symbol of their idol worship). I heard Lieut-



Adjutant and Mrs. Gowan



A "snap" of an Indian District Officer, with some of his assistants, building a house of mud and stones for one of his Field Officers. The land was given to The Army by a Hindu who has found Christ. The stones for the building were gathered from the nearby fields, while water with which to mix the mud had to be carried about a quarter of a mile. The District Officer's wife and little girl had just arrived on the scene to view the progress of the work when the picture was taken.

Commissioner Horskins say that in one of these meetings his fingers were sore from cutting off choties. "To see such a sight makes one

rejoice in the name of the Lord, and the difficulties and hardships experienced during the Campaign—the tremendous heat, the riding in bullock carts with throat, ears and eyes full of dust, the sleeping beside railway tracks under the beautiful sky in order to catch the early morning train—are soon forgotten."

A MISSIONARY EXPLOIT

Being an Account of a Day Spent in a Typical Bengali Village

By CAPTAIN LESLIE RUSSELL

The villagers of Mowkhalhi had heard that the Officers and Soldiers of The Salvation Army not only preached, but taught the children to read and write, and that they were for the sick. So in their need they turned to us. They sent several letters, then a petition signed by all who could write, followed by a deputation, asking that The Army would open work in their village.

They had no school: the children were growing up in ignorance. There was no one to give medical treatment or advice. And even worse, they were living in the darkness of idolatry, but desired to be taught the Christian way. What an opportunity!

As a result, a party of Officers set out to visit this village. A two hours' run on the train was followed by a river boat trip. This part of the journey, which took an hour, was very interesting and pleasant. The boat was home-made, being a large tree trunk hollowed out. Thus the journey was completed, the party announcing their arrival by cornet, concertina, and tambourine.

A genuine Indian welcome awaited the visitors. Food was provided, which was partaken of in Indian fashion. All sat on the floor of the verandah of one of the largest mud huts. A large palm leaf was given to each, on which was placed Indian Dhali, fish curry, and a plentiful supply of chapattis. Proceedings then commenced, all using nature's spoons—their fingers—to the great delight of the crowd of villagers who watched with evident interest. Never before had they seen so many white faces, and the f. c. t. u! at the strangers were dressed in their own garb and observed their own way of living proved of greater interest still.

The meetings held are scarcely be described. Those eager faces, those bright yearning eyes, appealed to the very depths of one's soul! Oh, that the truth should dawn on their minds! Oh, that light should break in to their hearts! This was the desire that burned in each of our hearts as we sang, prayed, and spoke.

At the conclusion of the service, greetings were exchanged and the Salvation messengers returned home. But this was not the end so far as the villagers of Mowkhalhi were concerned. A school is being opened for the children. A Corps also is to be started, with one of their own countrymen as a leader. This is the work of The

Army in India extended. This village is not the only one in need. Truly the harvest is plentiful! Oh, for more reapers!

OUR ACADEMY OF WORTHIES

CORPS SERGEANT-MAJOR MARK MARSHALL, SAINT JOHN I

Corps Sergeant-Major Mark Marshall is a miracle of grace. Eleven years ago he was a drunken sailor, caring naught for God or good, and was the despair of his saintly mother. What a different Mark Marshall now!

He sailed the wide seas to Brazil, and north to Hudson Bay; each voyage serving to estrange him still further from God. But as in the case of Jonah, God followed disobedient Mark and sought him out. "A mighty tempest arose," and the Captain of the vessel, a Salvationist, exclaimed, "We are all lost. If you have aught to settle, settle it now."

The words cut Mark like a knife. He had much to settle, he knew, and unless he did settle it soon he felt that Hell would be his lot. In the midst of these gloomy forebodings, a d momentary expecting watery grave, the gentle, appealing face of his mother came before him, and he heard her, as it were, once again urging him to seek God. He decided that he would. Then, suddenly, the gale's violence was broken; the seas abated, and the ship made harbor safely.

Soon after this incident, Mark's beloved mother went to the Better Land, her dying wish being that her boy should seek God. Mark took Christ as his pilot in the memorial service conducted for his mother.

He will never forget his first voyage as a Christian. He shipped from Sydney, C. B. on the "Adventurer," a boat bound for Hudson Bay. His mates, as was their custom, pulled out a deck of cards and settled themselves for a game. Mark had previously been very fond of card playing. But now he had something better. He took out his Testament and began to read; and as he did so, one of the card players—an Irishman—rose and said: "Boys, just a moment. Mark is going to read the Bible to us," and whilst eight men suspended their game, Mark read. The Irishman had evidently been touched, for he approached Mark a day or so later, and, handing him a Bible, said he was glad to meet a man who revered the Word of God, and hoped Mark would treasure this gift and remember the giver in prayer each time he read it. The Bible, he explained, was one that he had stolen from an Institution in Philadelphia!

Since his conversion, the Sergeant-Major has abandoned all Sunday work and feels that God has honored him in consequence. Our comrade is a devoted and tireless worker in the Corps; is a convincing speaker and a splendid example to his comrades, especially to the younger generation of Salvationists. His little family, too, bids fair to reinforce the ranks of The Army of To-morrow.

For some years previous to receiving his present commission he was the Corps Secretary and carried out his duties in that connection very commendably. Sergeant-Major Marshall is one of the Corps' reliable, and in consequence exerts a powerful influence wherever he goes.



Corps Sergeant-Major
Marshall

They say she was a terror before conversion, and we believe it. Being an extraordinarily large woman, strong and sturdy, she could hold her own in a riot, a prize-fight, or a football match. More than one man lives to remember the day when he felt the broad side of Ellen's hands on his jawbone—just as she was a scrapper. Just let a pint of rum get mixed up with her vixenish temper, put a loaded pipe in her mouth, and then cross her pathway. The outcome? We don't print such accounts in this paper.

One fellow who struck big Ellen did so to his sorrow. Although he succeeded in flattening her twice, she managed to get a sort of half-Nelson hold on him, bit his lip off, dragged him to the bank, ducked him in the sea, and left him panting in a heap while she went to get an axe to properly finish the job. She returned, and was about to split the poor chap's head when a woman intercepted the blow, darning the would-be murderer. Yes, we must admit that Ellen had a hot temper.

One Tuesday ten years ago, in St. Kitts of the West Indies, Ellen was promenading the Main street with a great bottle of liquor in full view. She was out for a spree. The sound of singing attracted her attention. Behold, a Salvation Army Open-air. "His blood can make the vilest

clean," they sang, and with a fervor that made the listener believe they meant it. She went home that night with the words of that song ringing in her ears. Pressing through the mists of her befuddled mind the "can" of the sentence emerged as a positive reality. "Can make." "His Blood can make the vilest clean."

"The vilest"—why, of course, that meant her. So on Wednesday night she deliberately attended The Army meeting, knelt at the mercy-seat, and found peace of conscience, forgiveness of sins, and cleansing for her soul.

Is this sort of mourner's-bench Salvation, that some modern folk with high brows sneeringly term an "emotional eruption," a lasting thing? Well, the miracle happened to Ellen Carey in 1916. This is 1926, and it finds her as different a character to the old Ellen Carey as cheese is different from chalk.

Note how that erstwhile cayenne-pepper temper has been calmed, sweetened and controlled by her Lord. One night she came across two men fighting. She played the peacemaker, and for her intervention received a blow on the mouth, afterwards necessitating seven stitches. When she was smitten the crowd thought they were in for a proper melee. They knew Ellen—they thought they did. But not so.

(Continued at foot of column 4)



Publications Sergeant
Ellen Carey

BAND SERGEANT GEORGE JANES, SAINT JOHN I

In mid ocean, on a glorious, moon-light night, God spoke to George Janes. He was on "lookout," with God's marvellous handiwork all about him. The purple heavens, scintillating with myriads of glittering stars, reflected the glory and majesty of the Creator. "If the natural elements praise God thus," thought he, "should not I, as one of His creatures, praise Him much more?" Being relieved, he retired to his berth, but not to sleep. As often as he closed his eyes the query would obtrude itself, "Am I fulfilling my obligations?" During that sleepless night he promised God that he would reform.



Band Sergeant
Janes

The boat reached the Barbadoes, and, with a mate he visited The Army Hall. A colored Officer was in charge and his earnest words were just suited to George's condition. He went forward, was thoroughly dealt with by a native woman and was soundly converted.

His chum soon had the story of Janes' conversion on the boat. Two days, two weeks, a month at most, would suffice to knock the Salvation out of George Janes, declared the "sages" and, suiting the action to the word, they proceeded to endeavor to "knock" the Salvation out of him; but without success. George braved the storm.

Home to Carbonara he went, where he joined his happy Salvationist wife, whose holy living had never ceased to exert its good influence on his life since their marriage a short time before.

In 1899 he was enrolled as a Soldier. Eleven children now grace the home, the eldest of whom is a Candidate. Three girls are Senior Soldiers, the remainder being Juniors.

A Divine Presence held her in check. With splendid fortitude she refrained from retaliation. The man who was so free with his fists afterwards came to visit her; he apologized and paid the doctor's bill!

No one at the Corps ever questions her sincerity. It's written all over her face. As a ready witness to the Truth, whether at Open-air or indoor meetings, in store or residence, she is exemplary.

Ellen Carey works as a domestic. In one home she received a cordial welcome, until a certain Sunday when the master of the house held a ball. The Salvationist instantly refused to work, saying she would have no part in serving at rich men's orgies. The boss refused to pay the wages which were due her, so vexed was he. "All right," said Ellen, "I'll just speak to the King of kings about you. But be sure your sins will be visited upon your children for generations to come." The man paid up at once!

Our comrade is a tireless WAR Cry boomer, disposing of seventy copies each week.



Adjutant and Mrs. Ham, of Toronto Temple, with six enthusiastic Self-Denial collectors who gathered in the magnificent total of \$1,408.08. The comrades' names and individual amounts are as follows: (Back row, reading from left) Sister Mrs. Bemrose, \$163.72; Sister D. Martin, \$94.14; Candidate Lynch, \$136.48; Sister Minnear, \$141.23. (Front row, from left) Sergeant Mrs. West, \$351.33; Mrs. Adjutant Ham; Adjutant Ham, and Assistant Guard-Leader D. Bateman, \$426.12.

THE OTHER HALF—HOW THEY LIVE

"Come with me on a sightseeing trip"

The Army has now 128 native raised Officers as well as 59 Corps and Outposts in China, where there is carried on a persistent effort for the Salvation of the people.

Adjutant Jean Graham, one of The Army's devoted missionary workers in China, in this vividly descriptive despatch, describes in intensely moving manner some of the heart-rending sights she daily witnesses in Peking. Readers who have taken some part in the Self-Denial Effort, which has just been brought to a successful conclusion, will gain much satisfaction from the realization that such truly Samaritan endeavor as is here brought to light is made possible by such giving. In Peking's seven Porridge Kitchens over 7,000 people receive a hot meal each day; 101,766 bowls of porridge being given away during January and part of December.

During the last months of last year, 70,000 copies of the Scriptures were disposed of by Salvationists in the Land of the Dragon, while Army literature is also spreading the Good News.

THE General once remarked about the enormous waste of tears and sympathy expended by men and women on the imaginary woes of fictitious characters in novels. He also remarked on the great difficulty experienced in trying to get people moved on behalf of the real miseries of their fellow creatures.

I would like to enlist sympathy on behalf of the sad people of China, and invite you to come with me on a sight-seeing trip. I will introduce you, not to beautiful places, but to interesting, if pathetic people, and promise to keep altogether within the realm of fact.

We will leave our little quarters in the northern part of Peking, and walk in a northerly direction.

We pass through the grounds of the Lama temple, and find ourselves in a small street, where we come upon a large crowd of poor and destitute people congregated outside the gates of a temple. The halt, the blind, the feeble, the diseased, and even the demented are among this crowd of human wretchedness. Mothers clasp little babies under thin clothing, while little toddlers drag at their skirts. A little child leads a blind beggar; an old woman of eighty hobbles along with the aid of a stick. Where in other places the background would be a hospital and gentle care, here it is cold poverty

representatives were escorted through many apartments in the temple, most of them used for enshrining some god supposed to be able to do some particular kind of good. At last, with much ceremony, the Officers were taken into the sacred precincts of the head priest's apartments. Hearing their request for the use of the temple courtyard, he willingly consented, remarking how kind it was of the foreigners to engage in these operations, and that he considered it a favor to have the good work going on in his premises.

But the porridge is ready and looks appetizing and nourishing. The huge doors are thrown open, and the police are much exercised in keeping order. The people are hungry, but order must be preserved. To relax would mean the most beastly (the word is used deliberately) scramble for a place inside the door. Only those with tickets must enter at first, for these people represent hundreds of cases investigated by Army Officers.

The day is bitterly cold. Ice lies about the streets and it is a miracle more of these people are not frozen to death. The local newspapers commonly report scores of such fatalities. Many have but a single ragged garment; a number have the remains of many garments, the sum total of which, however, does not provide the warmth of one decent garment. Patches, paper, and string, if not popular, are evidently fashionable. Who, studying these faces, could remain unmoved?

We will pick out a few cases. See that tall, thin woman carrying a lovely little girl? She was wealthy once, and had her carriage and servants. The little girl's face betokens the life she has been used to. The ragged brocade silk garment tied tightly around the little body speaks of better days. Fortune's smile in China is particularly fickle. The child's father lost his position and his money, and the fights rebelliously against poverty. A bare row of a brick bed, and very meagre bedding, a small stove and some broken vessels, comprise the present home. The woman came to our Hall and knelt, asking help of the true God. She is well educated, and reads our songs and books. She is trying to be good, but the memories of other days—the luxuries, the social round, and the accompaniments of wealth—rise before her, and mock her, and a rebellious look lingers in her piercing, dark eyes. She needs our prayers. We try to help her in other ways, too; but there are so many!

A quiet-looking woman with faultlessly clean, if thin, garments is looking nervously around at the press of uncleanness. She cannot escape close contact with filth, disease, and vermin. Accompanying her is a delicate

icate pale-faced girl of fifteen. The girl shrinks back and looks appealingly at her mother. They have conquered their pride and come to the porridge kitchen; but they had not reckoned on many things, particularly the close contact with filth.

They had come to live in a tiny room near our Hall. The mother and

worked or walked since. The cold floor of a neighbor's outer room constitutes their bed; until recently they had not even a straw mat between them and the cold clay surface. The youngest brother of four has been ill for a long time and lies covered with sores beside the father. They wait in the freezing atmosphere for the elder boys to bring something home from the day's begging or from the Porridge Kitchen. The eldest boy feels the burden, and looks as if he does not ever hope for the clouds to lift.

You notice that pale-faced, sickly man who steps courteously aside to let others pass (wonder of wonders in this place!) and you know instinctively that he is a gentleman. He is well educated and also has had a serious reverse of fortune. To make things worse he is sick and cannot work, while his wife lies in the wretched comfortable place called home, and awaits death. The awful cough that



Section of the "Soup line" in Peking

only child attended the meetings. The father is very proud and anxious to conceal his poverty. He was a well paid official before the fortunes of war expelled him from his position. He has a little property and has borrowed as much as possible on this security. He tries to sell it but finds it difficult. The girl came to the penitent-form, and professed conversion. She did her best to persuade her father to attend the meetings; he is very fond of his child, and came occasionally.

One night, when the weather was so inclement that only a few attended the meeting, he came, and at the close volunteered for Salvation. His wife could scarcely believe her eyes, and joyfully joined him at the penitent-form. Now they read the Bible and pray so earnestly that the Lord will plan a way out of their hard and apparently hopeless circumstances. We try to encourage them in the Lord, and to "seek first the Kingdom." We arrange for dry millet to be given regularly to them and we try to help in other ways; but their faith is weak—and there are so many!

A little, bent woman of 63 years looks weary of the struggle for existence. I found myself in her husband's rickshaw one day and drew the tale from him. They had two sons and expected to have some measure of comfort in their own age. But one son died of consumption, and then this last year the other also was taken from them. The poor old man crawls along the street drawing his rickshaw. It is painful to sit in it, but it is an opportunity of helping him as this is his only means of livelihood. He is thankful that his wife can get a bowl of hot porridge every day.

Do you see that boy with his head covered with sores? His mother died a few months ago, and soon after, his father sickened and has not

sometimes brings a crimson stream from his lips tells us of tale. For him, as yet, no gleam of light pierces the darkness.

That tall, grey-bearded man over there has an only son who is a policeman. But misgovernment means hardship for many law-abiding people. The policeman in China does his work in war and peace, whether under good government or bad; and is wretchedly paid—often for months he is unpaid. This son is no exception. His aged father and mother, his wife and children, are all needing food and clothing. His industrious wife is clever with her needle and works hard when she can get sewing to do. Her white lips and drawn face bespeak poverty and anxiety. She cannot go to the Porridge Kitchen, for she cannot spare the time, but grandfather and her little boy can go, and that helps a little.

What a terrible look on the face of that young woman of twenty! She is half-witted, and is usually watched over carefully by her widowed mother who, however, has a bad foot, and waits in their miserable abode for the coming of her daughter, scarcely daring to hope she will bring something home.

Do you see that bright faced little woman? She is carrying a boy of eighteen months, and now her other little boy of four years is crying because of the rough jostling of the dense crowd. She is picking him up on her back again and he clings to her neck. Her back and neck must ache! She, too, has been better circumstanced and is well educated. But life now consists of a daily struggle against adversity.

Hundreds have passed us. The total passes the thousand mark, and you feel bewildered.

Now quietness takes the place of the vicious jostling and noisy

(Continued on page 12)



Meals for needy families

and the merciless crushing of a hungry crowd.

The crowd divides as we come up. They think they will get their porridge soon now that the "foreigners" have come. The heavy wooden doors open and we find ourselves inside a spacious courtyard, the top of which has been covered by laths and straw matting, thus transforming it really into a shed. In one corner, stiled the kitchen, we see two huge iron pots built in. These generous vessels are capable of cooking sufficient yellow millet porridge to feed 1200 people.

You may wonder why these temple grounds are devoted to this use.

When commencing to organize relief work The Army sought a convenient and roomy place for these operations. The temples seemed most convenient and so an interview was sought with the head priest. The Army's

THE CALL

By ADJUTANT WIGGINS, I.H.Q.

Seest thou not the Harvest?
In truth, thy vision is at fault if that be so.

Behold,
Ten hundred thousand thousand, slender stems—
And every stem a life! And every life a soul!

Away in distant climes the fields are white:

So in this land of thine:
In mighty towns; in tiny rustic places;
Aye, even within the circle of thine own beloved home,
The corn is ripe,
And thou art called with no uncertain call.

Arise, and for the task befit thyself.
Take from its hiding-place the curved blade,

On which, beneath the rust of wasted years,
Thy name is writ.

And then with soul intent and purpose set,

Repair thyself unto the Lord of this Field.

Who, with His efficacious Blood
Will every particle of rust eradicate.
With steady nerve and sickle newly bright,

Cast first thine eyes on that which growth near:

Then test thy blade, if it be sharp or no.

Pernicious it may require the hard stone of adversity.

To make that sickle as thou would'st have it be.

This done, begin anew and labor on,
Until the full ripe corn be gathered in.
That grows about thy door.

Then still wield the blade, for much there is to do

Outside beyond; and laborers are few.
Rest not thy hand, lest rust attack again the steel;

Slack not thy speed, lest any stem of corn decay.

Work on! the Lord will give thee strength,

And when thy task is o'er;
And when thy sheaves are gathered in,
He, too, will gather thee.

THE TRUMPET SOUNDS

A Call for Candidates—You are Wanted

"He chose David, also His servant, and took him from the sheepfolds"—Psalm 78:70.

FOR of the writers of the Epistles are spoken of in the first words of the Epistles as "servants of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ," and it is assumed that it was because of their being worthy of this distinction that they were chosen as Apostles.

In thinking of William Booth, the Founder of The Salvation Army, we first think of him as a servant of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ, from the day of his conversion, and may we not add, "called to be the Founder and General of The Salvation Army"? Commissioners George Ralston and John Lawley were also among the "called ones." And a host of other men and women of all tongues and nations are in the number, some who have already exchanged their sword for the crown, while a great multitude in all parts of the world are still fighting the Lord's battles; and were they not all known to their first comrades as servants of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ, and because of their faithfulness in this respect, were chosen to be Officers in The Salvation Army?

God said to Ananias, "Go to Saul, for he is a chosen vessel unto Me, to bear My name before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel: For I will shew him how great things he must suffer for My name's sake." (Acts 9:15, 16.)

Accepted for Service

God is still choosing His servants to carry His Word to the people, and those who are faithful in that which is least, are the ones He is seeking to carry the greater responsibilities and honors. His way for Salvationists is Soldiership, Local Officership, Cadetship, Officership. It is a blessed knowledge for any man or woman who is an Officer in The Salvation Army, to realize that he or she is chosen of God.

To you who are servants of Jesus Christ, and Soldiers in The Salvation Army, the door to Officership is open. See your Corps Officer at once. Write your Divisional Commander; make your desires known, and pro-

viding you are properly backed, and come up to the standard, you may be included in the number who will commence their Training in September of this year.

"The fields are white unto harvest." Servants of the Lord Jesus Christ and of God are needed in every Division in the Territory, also in the Men's and Women's Social Departments, and appeals are coming to us from the Missionary Fields overseas, asking for consecrated, capable men and women who are prepared to labor for their Lord. If God calls, you must obey!

David was chosen from the sheepfold. We have no record that God ever called an idler. He wants men and women who are diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Whatever your occupation, providing you are willing to devote yourself wholly to this work, you are needed and needed at once.

Upon your obedience depend not only your own happiness, and possibly your eternal Salvation, but the Salvation or damnation of a multitude of souls.

The story of Paul's life records many things that he had to suffer for His name's sake, but just before the close of his journey we hear him exclaiming: "I have fought a good fight. I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." (2 Tim. 4:7, 8.) Those who read this article may, with the blessing of God, receive this great and eternal reward.

Settle it at the Altar

But the act of dedication is very simple. Let the Holiness table stand as an altar of consecration. Bring the sacrifice again and put it upon the altar in an unchangeable covenant, and with a simple faith that will bring from God that holy fire which makes it possible to maintain it there forever.

PROFIT AND LOSS A STUDY FOR THOSE CONTEMPLATING OFFICERSHIP

Loss Account

"Worldly gain forfeited.

Suffering from cold, rain, and ungenerous surroundings.

Ridicule of ease-lovers and fleshly-comfortable professors.

Late hours, little cash, hard toil in traveling, meetings, visitation, etc.

Disappointment owing to the low spiritual experiences of comrades.

Scoldings of those overcome by the enemy of souls.

Weariness of body, and occasional failure of plans.

Possible ill-health and suffering.

Profit Account

The smile of God.

Fellowship with Jesus Christ. Inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Treasure in Heaven.

The blessing of the poor and the unconverted who are benefited.

Comradeship with the best spirits who sincerely love and serve God.

A relish for prayer and the Bible.

Successorship to prophets, apostles, martyrs, reformers, revivalists, and the noble Army of soul-winners.

The certainty of the "Well done" of the Master. "A far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

the incoming waters gathered round her feet out of her persecutors rode out and offered to spare her life if she would renounce her faith and turn her back upon her Lord.

When the waters rose to her waist he rode out again with the same offer.

When they reached her shoulders the offer was repeated. To one and all she replied something like this: "No, I will not draw back, I will not deny my Lord!" And she bowed her head to the rising tide and poured her soul out unto death rather than deny her Master. She bound her sacrifice to the altar and died in the faith.

Some of those who read my words have gone back on Jesus Christ—perhaps to save their lives, but for a mere trifle. They are disappointed and sad at heart. Why these broken vows, these defiled sacrifices? If they were ever really put on the altar, they were not, I am afraid, bound there. Impulse, sentiment, desire, intention may have induced the offering, but it was not bound with "cords of determination." Companionships, or some indulgence, some selfish pleasure, carried off the sacrifice.

BOUND TO THE ALTAR

By the late COMMISSIONER T. H. HOWARD

"Bind the sacrifice with cords, even unto the horns of the altar"—Psalm 118:27

PERIODICALLY in our Halls we have had what we call altar services. At such times, the leader gives invitations, and in response to these invitations, Soldiers, friends and others who are interested in our work come forward, bringing gifts of money to lay down upon the table, which, for that particular occasion, serves the purpose of an altar. Those who have been present at these meetings will not need to be told that the "gift" is parted with out and out. And it is irrevocable. The giver cannot get it back—it has been parted with.

That is a very definite thing done, and it illustrates the central idea of this particular service.

The true worship and service of God—it need not be told—involves sacrifice. If there is any one who feels that religion is all a question of how much he can get out of God by saying so many prayers or offering so many donations, he has a totally wrong conception of religion.

There are so many who regard their vows to God very lightly. They seem to think they can get through their religion without self-denial. Religion if that sort, however, is worth nothing, neither to those who possess it, nor to the Lord Whom they profess to serve. Religion without self-sacrifice, without self-denial, comes to nothing, or, at any rate,

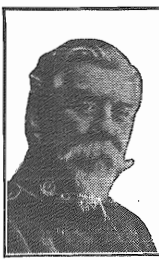
comes to very little.

That phrase "Bind the sacrifice to the horns of the altar" is very significant. The horns were the corner-posts. This figure of speech seems to imply the possibility of the consecration being reversed by the withdrawal of the offering, or by its loss, through want of care. The sacrifice slips off the altar.

The Psalmist, therefore, urges those to whom he is speaking to maintain their consecration, and to see to it that their sacrifice is not taken off the altar after being put on. These corner-posts were not there for ornament; they were there for use, and the cords were intended to hold the sacrifice on the altar, so that it could not be snatched away.

It is just here where many fail—they maintain no real sacrifice. There is to say, having made a consecration they have not stood to it. The offering has been made, but it has been taken back again. The vow has been registered, but not paid; the promise has been made, but not fulfilled; the consecration has not been maintained.

In the days of Queen Mary a girl-martyr refused, when pressure was brought upon her, to deny her Lord and renounce her faith. She was condemned and taken to the sea-shore. There she was bound to a stake near the low-tide line, and as



Late Commissioner Henry Howard

THE CALL OF THE CROSS

A Stirring Appeal From an Address by The Army Mother

I thought, as I read those words uttered long ago in scorn and sarcasm "He saved others: Himself He cannot save"—I thought "No, and nobody who will save others can save himself in that sense. It must be at the sacrifice of his earthly prospects." He had to leave His mother, His disciples, and His friends, and love them all less than He loved our Salvation—less than He loved His own life. He could not save us without losing His earthly all. We cannot save others and save ourselves, neither can we save the best part of ourselves without crucifying the other part.

"Nothing less will do"

Does Jesus want your son, or your daughter? Or does He want your money, your influence? Bring them to Him; down with them at the Cross! Or He wants your reputation. Will you give up carling what anybody thinks or says about you and bring your reputation to the Cross? He wants all that you have and are for Himself. Oh, you Salvationists and friends, nothing less, will do! You cannot be a Saviour of men and yet save yourselves. You must be crucified. Will you put yourself—completely—upon the Cross? If you will, He says you shall find life eternal.

If God has called you for Officership and you are willing to obey the Call, see your Corps Officer, or write to The Candidates' Secretary at Territorial Headquarters.

THE WAR CRY

OFFICIAL ORGAN
The Salvation Army
IN CANADA EAST
NEWFOUNDLAND
AND BERMUDA
General:
WILLIAM BOOTH
General:
BRAMWELL BOOTH
INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
LONDON, ENGLAND

Territorial Commissioner
Commissioner CHARLES SOWTON
James and Albert Street, Toronto

Printed for the Salvation Army in Canada East, Newfoundland and Bermuda, by The Salvation Army Printing House, 18 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry (including the Special Easter and Christmas issues) will be mailed to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$2.50, prepaid.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

Promotion:—

To be Adjutant:

Ensign Albert Berger, Montreal III, French Corps.

CHARLES SOWTON,
Commissioner.

TO SUCCEED BARON BYNG OF VIMY, Canada's Famous Governor-General

As we go to press the official announcement is made that Viscount Willingdon of Ratten has been appointed Governor-General of Canada, succeeding Baron Byng of Vimy, who retires next month.

Lord Willingdon has been for many years a warm supporter of The Salvation Army, and in India, where for eleven years he held the position of Governor of Bombay, the new Governor-General on many occasions has associated himself in person with various Army undertakings, expressing his unbounded admiration of the ministrations of our Organization on behalf of the needy people of the great Dependency.

THE COMMISSIONING



"Laborers into His Harvest"

ON TUESDAY, June 29th, the 1925-26 Session of Cadets will be Commissioned as Salvation Army Officers

in

MASSEY HALL,

At 8 p.m.

THE COMMISSIONER in Command, supported by the Chief Secretary.

TERRITORIAL TERSITIES

THE COMMISSIONER has decided upon Thursday, September 16th, as opening date of the 1925-27 Training Session.

Hamilton Division tops the list at present with the largest number of prospective Cadets for the next Training Session.

The action of the Trainer-Stephenson, Ltd., firm at Trenton, Ont., is to be commended. On Tag Day, the store window was appropriately dressed to emphasize the importance of Self-Denial Work, and ten per cent. of the store cash sales for the day was contributed.



ADJUTANT AND MRS. BERGER, who are putting up a brave fight in Montreal. They are in charge of Salvation Army work amongst the French-speaking people in Canada's Metropolis. We congratulate them on their recent, and well-deserved, elevation in rank.

On June 10th, 1884, Colonel Adby was appointed, as a Lieutenant, to Melton Mowbray, England. On his forty-second anniversary of front-line fighting the Colonel is as zealous in the fray as ever.

Major-General Ashton, when Bandmaster Adams was presented to him during the recent Decoration Day services in St. Catharines, in which The Salvation Army Band took prominent part, said: "Of all organizations in the world, I consider The Salvation Army the greatest, and of all Bands in the world, I consider Salvation Army Bands to be the best."

Dovercourt Corps last Sunday launched its Summer Open-air services, which are held in Willowdale Park.

Lieutenant Ames is supplying, pro tem, at the Toronto Receiving Home.

Sympathy is extended to Envoy and Mrs. Brokenshire and family, of Fenelon Falls, who have lost their daughter, Vera. The funeral service, conducted by Staff-Captain Spooner, is reported to have been the largest held in the town for many years.

The Temple Band has placed an order with the Trade Department for new tunics and caps.

A gentleman, who for many years had been generous and consistent contributor to the Army, recently passed away. A friend of the family, instead of sending a wreath, donated \$25.00 to the Army, which he felt would be more in accord with the wishes of the deceased.

A Trade Catalogue is being compiled, in which will be listed all Trade supplies and forms in Corps use, which will prove of great value to all concerned. Included with this will be outlined a scheme which will necessitate the sending of cash with all orders. Any changes in price of supplies or new lines received will be covered by a revised price-list in supplement form.

Jackson's Point Camp is at present receiving its annual "wash and brush up" in preparation for the influx of furloughers. Those who know, affirm that the Camp "looks great."

Readers will be interested to learn that Ensign Caroline Lang (Yesumoni), formerly of this Territory, has been transferred to Calcutta Division Headquarters and Training Garrison as General Assistant.

Full reports of Nurassa Graduation Ceremonies, conducted this week by the Commissioner in Toronto and at London and Windsor, will be published in our next issue.

THE COMMISSIONER AT PARLIAMENT STREET

THE MYSTERY OF THE "MYSTERY ROW" EIGHT SEEKERS SURRENDER TO KING JESUS

PARLIAMENT STREET Corps was the place named on the Territorial Commander's calendar for Sunday last.

The Queen City people will not need telling that this Corps does not compare in stature with many of its fellows. It is a Corps of a "brave handful"; there is no Band to come swinging along the streets dispersing rousing strains of bright Salvation melody among the shadows and gloom of back streets and courts of this White-chapel, neither can the Corps boast of a Songster Brigade. But there is a drum, and a drummer who keeps his stick at work outdoors and in; and in place of the Songsters, well, they have women Cadets whose voices are heard in street and Hall, in snow or sunshine.

But despite these handicaps, Parliament Street is a force to be reckoned with. Captain Clark and Lieutenant Johnson have a good row of Locals at their backs, and some good fighting Soldiers, as is evidenced by a smashed Self-Denial Target, to give one topical illustration.

Here, as elsewhere, there is plenty of work to be done; evidences of sin's plundering are everywhere abroad, and that "mystery row" in the night meeting was a sample of it in the living flesh.

Unforeseen circumstances kept the Commissioner from fulfilling his engagement in the morning, but his ever-trusty Lieutenant—Colonel Adby—was on the bridge, and with him was Brigadier Bloss, the Divisional Commander, who opened the meeting.

With such a singing enthusiast as the Colonel, you will vision a meeting full of song. The vocal ministry in this first gathering was indeed a very blessed one. Perhaps it is hardly just to the Parliament Street folks to say they have no Songster Brigade, for here is a Singing Brigade of which the whole Corps are members.

The Territorial Young People's Secretary, in his message, dealt with elements of conduct which constitute the life's blood of practical Christianity, and sought also to enhearten with inspiring words these hard-pressed warriors of the East.

In the afternoon arrived reinforcements. The Commissioner was in his place at the head of affairs, while the Riverdale Band marched over to brighten things up with their "sunshine" music.

There was nothing formal about the event; the Commissioner filled an interesting period with recitals of victories for the Cross which he has witnessed during his sojourn in other lands, while the Band, with its music, added considerably to the happiness of the occasion.

An Open-air bombardment, conducted under Colonel Adby's vigorous leadership in a back-wash of the district—what better spot?—

preceded the final meeting.

Latecomers had some difficulty in finding a seat in the spick and span Hall. It was a typical Army crowd, and it was, in a sense, a good thing to realize that a good shoal of sinners were there for the Salvation fishers. Among them, at the back, was that "mystery" row—a row of men of all ages and types, self-confessed prodigals, who attend the Little Hall Sunday after Sunday and yet never "come home." Someone whispered to the writer: "bootleggers," and gave a dark glance backward to the "mystery" bench.

But the mystery of that "mystery row" is chiefly in the fact that they listen to the warnings and entreaties uttered from the platform week after week and yet remain apparently unmoved.

How, for instance, did they sit through this Sunday night meeting and yet leave the building as stolid as they entered?

Remark what they had to encounter. There was Mrs. Bloss's prayer on their and other sinners' behalf; there was that appealing song from the Cadets, the earnest words of Colonel Hargrave, Colonel Adby's heart-searching solo, the Commissioner's reading of that epic story of the Prodigal Son, and then our Leader's fearless denunciation of sin, and his pointed questions that must

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THE CHIEF SECRETARY AT LONG BRANCH

With only a very brief announcement, the Chief Secretary, accompanied by Mrs. Henry, and Brigadier and Mrs. Burrows, paid a welcome visit to the flourishing suburban Corps of Long Branch on the night of Sunday, June 6th. Although there was a heavy rainfall, and Long Branch thoroughfares were not very inviting for pedestrians, a splendid crowd was in attendance, and anxious to heartily greet Colonel and Mrs. Henry upon the occasion of their first visit to that Corps.

The meeting throughout was a bright and helpful one. Mrs. Henry's remarks held the people's interest, and her words of counsel and appeal for full surrender to God were heeded.

The Colonel chose the subject of his Bible address from St. Mark's Gospel and he presented the saving truth in zealous and effective fashion. It was evident that the Word was driven as a nail in a sure place, for in a blessed season of prayer which followed, two seekers knelt at the mercy seat. One of the two was the author of a well-known book, who came to consecrate her life afresh to the service of her Master. The Chief Secretary left an unforgettable impression upon the local Comrades, and all unite in wishing for another such visit.—W.H.B.



ON THURSDAY, JULY 1ST Founder's Day Celebrations

will take place in

EXHIBITION PARK, TORONTO

COMMISSIONER SOWTON IN COMMAND,
Assisted by the Chief Secretary and T.H.Q. Staff

Fuller particulars in next week's WAR CRY

GREAT SELF-DENIAL VICTORY

Territorial Target of \$280,000 is Shattered

Toronto Temple Scene of Jubilation as Officers of Twin Divisions Announce Corps Triumphs and are Acclaimed

The Commissioner Thanks Workers and Donors

ONE can "pull out all stops" in a report like this, seeing that Officers and Comrades throughout the Territory did so in prosecuting the Self-Denial Effort. In fact nothing but superlatives would properly describe an Ingathering so choicely full of high lights. The rousing ring of victory toned the meeting from beginning to end, and, except for the satiated and sleep-provoking atmosphere in the auditorium, there was every reason why the audience should be on the tip-toe of expectancy during the proceedings which lasted nearly two and a half hours.

It was a night of mountain peaks. Records seemed to be broken as quickly and easily as pie-crust. Figures soared in daring fashion.

The crowd! Say, if more people have ever crammed into the Temple at one time, it was before our day. Folks were literally tucked in, down stairs and up. All the choice seats were occupied an hour before starting time.

The color! It ran riot. A score of shields, bearing the names of as many countries in which our Flag flies, spoke of the internationality of our Army, and contributed to a brilliant background. Then the entry of the Cadets, attired in the costumes of many nations, also lent animation and variety to the scene. Over the left exit was erected a Zulu kraal, and three swarthy blacks, with their war-paint, shields and javelins, gave a touch of reality to the picture. They made noise enough for a dozen.

The one hushed period of the evening came when Mrs. Sowton spoke with God for us. She thanked Him for this latest token of His approval upon our work, and prayed that every right-minded giver should be rewarded with the Divine blessing.

Following a Scripture reading by the Chief Secretary, the Commissioner briefly addressed the waiting crowd. Officers, Soldiers, friends and young people were all recipients of our Leader's thanks. The note of hearty gratitude marked his every utterance, and to the thousands of givers and collectors dotting this Territory THE WAR CRY, on behalf of the Commissioner, speaks appreciation for the hours of toil and planning, and the strength of body and spirit, which combined to make the 1926 Self-Denial Effort such an unqualified success. But even at this jubilant hour, the Commissioner did not let slip the opportunity to press home the claims of God upon men's souls as well as their substance. "The purpose of a meeting like this," said he, "is not simply to bring our gifts of money, personal or collected, but to announce the totals that have been raised, but the underlying thought should be the necessity of giving to God in a

deeper sense than ever before. Gifts of money, service, time, or mere things, will not satisfy the heart of God. He wants you. May we all consecrate our lives afresh this very night!"



Major Joseph Tyndall,
Organizer of this year's magnificent Self-Denial achievement.

And still the people patiently waited. Results, results, what were the results? If the figures be longer withheld the very rafters must cry out! One fidgety, choleric individual suggested that the Territorial Total should be revealed in the first item, so that folks would be less a-quiver with anxiety during the remainder of the meeting. But that fellow never read the 2nd of John, so he couldn't appreciate the thrill of enjoying the best wine last.

The first announcements were made by the Officers of the Toronto West Division. Each Officer read his or her Corps total for 1925, and then for 1926. Increases—one after another—and with every announcement a round of hand-clapping. Decreases? There were one or two, but, according to the D.O.'s explanation, the reason for the drops seemed so plausible that the decreases received as hearty applause as the others. By the time the Toronto East Officers had also read out their results, it was generally conceded that last year's Territorial record must have been eclipsed, as the Queen City usually subscribes about one-third of the whole, and is, therefore, a fair indicator as to progress throughout the Territory. However, the people were to continue guessing as to the mystic total for a while longer.

Colonel Bettridge read the Training Garrison results, revealing that they had secured the splendid sum of \$6,781.53. When it is considered that forty-four Cadets were allocated to assist in the collecting at various Corps, the amount secured is really excellent, and no real result are in excess of last year. The three highest collectors were Cadet Copp—\$440.13; Sergeant Lorimer—\$435.62; and Cadet Moffatt—\$390.25.

It was also fitting that Major Tyndall, the Territorial Organizer for this year's effort, receive his share of the honors. The Major traveled much on behalf of the Effort; he spoke at many meetings to stimulate interest in Self-Denial, and his working hours were from nine o'clock in the morning to any time at night. The Major commended his Staff of subscribers' representatives for their unremitting toil and the success which crowned their collecting. The three "regulars" and two part-time workers collected no less than \$34,020 out of the approximately \$95,000 secured in Toronto.

One very remarkable answer to prayer was brought to light. It seems that Commandant Coy (who,

as the Major said, always carries weight with him when he enters an office) sought an interview with a certain bank manager. This gentleman had not subscribed to our funds during the past six years, previous to which he had given \$50. The Commandant visited the bank six times, but was unable to obtain an interview. He also telephoned twelve times—still no success.

Of course the light of hope burned dimly. Then it chanced one night that the Commandant was aroused to give attention to Mrs. Coy, who has been such a patient sufferer these last two years. Whilst awake, the Commandant's mind traveled to the elusive banker. Surely God could move this man to consider The Army's needs, thought he. So he spoke with Father about it—that was just after midnight. Also he asked largely—would God be pleased to influence this man to make his donation \$250? Next morning the Commandant received a telephone message from the manager's secretary.

Would he call for a cheque? He would—and did. It was for \$250! it's still true that prayer changes things. God can afford to honor the prayers of those who know where the glory belongs.

Several records went by the board this year, but the most gratifying achievement of all was the increased volume of personal gifts by our own comrades, the sum total of which is larger than ever before in the history of the Territory. It is a healthful sign when religion controls the pocket-books of any people. So far as we have information to date, the Hamilton I Corps topped the list in Altar Service gifts with \$600. Ensign E. Green also had the Riverdale Soldiers keyed-up to their responsibility in this connection, their personal gifts amounting to \$500, or one-quarter of the Corps target.

During the evening we scanned the

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The Commissioner's Thanks

My dear Comrades and Friends,—

Again we are able, with God's blessing, to record a most successful Self-Denial Effort, and to praise Him for a total of \$281,020, raised for this Fund throughout the Territory.

This splendid result has, we know, not been attained without much hard work on the part of those who have collected, as well as sacrificed in many a personal gift.

This year's increase represents an advance of about \$8,000 over last year's total, and, with the exception of the big Drives of the War period, is the largest total yet reached.

That it is badly needed to help support and develop our many Army activities, including our Hospitals, Homes and Institutions, goes without saying; while the proportion devoted to our Work in non-Christian lands is just as urgently needed.

Many of our Canadian Officers are putting up a brave fight and accomplishing glorious results in these Mission Fields, and it will cheer their hearts to know that you have done so well. But we must not let our offerings finish with these gifts, for money and more money will still be needed in days to come, and what is still more precious in God's sight, let the offerings be accompanied by a fuller dedication of OURSELVES to His service, and a more definite yielding of time and talents for seeking and saving the lost of every land. If this be so, our gifts will multiply like the "Widow's Oil" of old, or the "Loaves and Fishes" on the mountain-side—and their results will continue while life shall last and be revealed in still further measure in Eternity.

With all my heart I thank you, and may the Lord reward you with His abundant blessing that "maketh rich and addeth no sorrow."

I also want to pass on to you the message of congratulation received from our beloved General:

"Self-Denial Fund. Am delighted with the news. Result is most gratifying. Heartiest congratulations!"

Yours in joyful service and grateful affection,
CHARLES SOWTON,
Commissioner.

FOR Our Musical Fraternity

"On Parade, On Parade"

AN ARTICLE NO BANDSMAN CAN AFFORD TO MISS
READING

THE NEW "MUSICAL SALVATIONIST"

The "Musical Salvationist" for May is just to hand. The following are abridged comments on the various songs contained in the issue.

Oh, Wonderful Love! The two sections—voice and chorus—are well contrasted; the music of the former being of a slow, contemplative character, while the chorus is of spirited, vigorous nature.

The Soloist's Page. Here is an experience song written in a happy vein, both as regards music and words. Once the melody is committed to memory it can be sung in a free, hearty manner, in keeping with the thought expressed in the words and the joyous, rhythmic lift of the music. The song will be found suitable for quite a variety of Army meetings.

The Bandsman's Page. An old contributor—Bandsman A. E. Webber (retired)—here supplies us with a very vigorous war-song. While the song is mainly of a retrospective nature, it is full of enthusiasm as expressed at the close of the second verse:

"Oh, what joy to really know,
Whilst I'm fighting here below,
In the good old days of yore,
Heaven's a Beautiful City. In every way this song is in strong contrast to the preceding item. The arrangement is so simple that many male voice parties will be able to sing the music at sight. On this account the song should prove suitable for full Band use, which not only makes a pleasing change from a musical standpoint but is also spiritually effective.

The Songster Section. To a set of words by Dr. Oddridge, the Colonel glazer has supplied a new musical setting which, although of some development and length, will not be found of a very exacting nature. Some effective part-writing will also be seen, and when the music is fully mastered it will sound very fine indeed, particularly in the closing strains.

Pleasure Complete. In regard to form, the plan of this composition differs in some respects from the ordinary song, for while the melody is practically similar in each verse, the key is changed. The arrangement is also varied; verses one and four are arranged for the full Brigade; verse two is planned for a solo voice, with humming accompaniment; in verses three and five the solo voice is singing the melody with an instrumental accompaniment.

Come unto Me. The words and music of this item are by the late Band-Inspector Hill. He makes a feature in the words by beginning every line with the word "Come." There is a good contrast between the music of the verse and the chorus.

Up the Top of the Hill. To such are as "living in the shadows," this song has a distinct message of hope and spiritual uplift. Although set forth in a colloquial language, there is no ambiguity as to what is meant, and we believe the song will be found of great interest. It should catch on at once. Here are the words:

"I know where the lights are gleaming,
Where the shadows disappear,
At the top of the hill the sun shines still,
And the skies are clear."

Both words and music are from the pen of a well-known writer, Songster-Leader Oliver Cooke.

Released from the Smoking Flax. Based upon a well-known Scripture text, the words of this song—by Major Rohu Hill—will be found very fitting for Holiness meetings. The music, which is by Bandsman H. MacGregor, of Earls-croft, will prove quite easy to sing, although it calls for expressive treatment.

The Only Name. Here is a very bright and cheerful song, which will be found effective for use in Experience meetings. It will prove equally fitting for use as a solo or by the full Brigade.

THE SUPPLEMENT
Two songs for Young People are given here, the first, entitled The Barley Mow, being based on the simile of the feeding of five thousand with five barley loaves and two fishes. The second song, The music is of a bright, tripping nature, and will prove quite easy.

Why is uniform considered by Bandsmen in some parts of the country to be a special garb for Sundays and special occasions only? Some would as soon think of putting on uniform for the Sunday night Open-air as leaving it off for Sunday morning.

Such an attitude is difficult to understand. The custom certainly leads to much confusion and gives rise to serious criticism on the part of outsiders.

Let us quote two cases which have come to our notice. In the first instance, duty took an Officer to a certain town, where he arrived about seven o'clock on the Saturday evening. Not knowing the town, he decided to follow the main street, with confidence, from previous experience, of running across The Army Open-air. After walking for a few minutes he heard the sound of a Band and quickened his gait so as to arrive the sooner among friends.

When the source of the music was reached, the visitor was surprised to find a ring of men in civilian clothes, the majority of them playing (without music) an old hymn which another figure in plain clothes lined out

verse by verse. There was no means of identification whatever, and the stranger decided that this particular town possessed a good mission band, and proceeded up the street.

After a long walk, during which he was only restrained from asking the way to The Army Hall by a pride in his ability to find his own way about, the visitor heard another Band, and approaching it, saw this time just enough uniform to assure him that he had found The Army at last.

"You must have passed the Corps Open-air on the way up," said the Corps Officer, shrugging his shoulders when the visitor told him of his experience.

In the second instance, a Staff Officer arrived for the week-end, and would not have recognized The Army Open-air but for the uniform of the Officer.

There is something incongruous about a man in mufti carrying a

brass instrument. He suggests street corners and coppers to the mind of the average individual, whereas uniform places the Bandsman in an entirely different position. The onlooker knows immediately that its wearers are out to serve.

One of our proudest boasts is in the consistency of The Army. We have one ideal which never changes in storm or sunshine. Why cannot this principle govern our appearance as well as our actions?

Some comrades, it is true, have not time to change, but they are few and far between. Factories and machine shops, foundries and warehouses, offices and works, close down now at midday on Saturdays, and the bulk of our Bandsmen are free from one o'clock until the following Monday morning. In some cases the men go out on Saturday afternoons with their wives or wives-to-be and do not return in time to change. The most careful toilet-maker need not take more than ten minutes to change into Band uniform. Surely the result is worth the sacrifice in that case!

This Saturday evening mufti habit has no definite reasons to support it.



AN UNHAPPY MIXTURE

Were those who indulge gave why they did it, very few could give a satisfactory answer. It is a vague sort of custom which has grown up in many Corps. Because the older men do it, the boys do; and so it goes on. Why should not such an aimless, unsatisfactory state of affairs immediately cease?

Let every Band be a real Army Band, with a hundred per cent uniform standard as well as a playing standard. Where this exists, discipline is good and the spirit of the men improves. In the King's army it is: "On parade, on parade." So let it be with us.—D.R.

ings of a quivering humanity.

But jazz is passing. With the return of more perfect mental stability and calm, its uncouthness has become apparent, and in place of the formless masses of noise which used to earn applause for their novelty, music-lovers are demanding finished poems in golden melody which have stood the worst test of time.

The great venture to prophesy that jazz is dying: that in five years its grotesque ugliness will have finally been hissed off the earth, and 'straight' music, with its charm and exalting influence, will be more and more appreciated and enjoyed."

Music lovers will read Dr. Coward's prophecy with no little pleasure. Real music appeals to the best that is in man; jazz appeals to the worst.

SOME NOTES BY THE WAY

What a lamentable failure all playing or singing must be which has self-glification as its end. For a musician to have no other ambition than to hunger for the acclamation of an audience is to throw on the rubbish heap a Heaven-sent gift of infinite worth. The finest fiddle on earth, if used for a cricket bat or a coal scoop, would prove a dismal failure. So will a gift which is used to wrong purposes. It all depends upon the user.

Why do many of our Bandsmen and Songsters cultivate the bad habit of coming late to practice or an engagement? It is exceedingly annoying to the Leader to have to commence practice short-handed and to see the members strolling in one by one after the appointed time for starting. We contend that a true Bandsman or Songster should have sufficient interest in his or her work to be punctual at all times, and if members persist in coming late, then they should not on any account be allowed to remain in the combination. No good Band cares to turn out for a march without the solo instruments present, and yet some soloists make a special point of coming late. To purposely keep a Leader waiting is not only to waste one's own time, but the precious minutes of others also.

Occasionally in a meeting no time is found for the Band or Songster Brigade to play or sing. This may naturally be a little disappointing to a combination which has practised a piece specially for the occasion. But the Band or Brigade which has the right spirit and the right objective will not look daggers at the Officer who leads the meeting and go home to worry about it for a week. No! There are far more important things to think about in a world where men are living on the very doorstep of eternal doom!

BANDSMEN AND VOCAL MUSIC A USEFUL SUGGESTION

Dear Editor,—I read with interest the comment on vocal music for Salvation Army Bands in a recent issue. The suggestion is one which might be taken up with advantage by every Band in the Territory, and no one need go farther than the Band Book or Journals for ample materials.

One Bandsman I know is in the habit of getting his men to sing their parts, as near as possible. The idea of doing this in the case of many of our Band Book tunes only provokes a smile, but there are many which can be so treated, and in the great majority of cases they are the most desirable tunes.

Take, for instance, "Regent Square" and "Abridge," St. Ann, "Silver Hill," and "Arizona," to speak only of widely-known tunes. The settings for the Band, especially in the case of those magnificent hymn-tune arrangements published in the Journal during the last year or two, would with ease be adapted to vocal part-singing.

The result is well worth any extra work it may entail. At a meeting I attended recently the Band sang softly, in the Prayer meeting, an old invitation song. Few who were privileged to be present will easily forget the atmosphere of solemnity which immediately came over the meeting. As an item in a festival, a contribution towards the appeal of a Salvation meeting, or an inspiration in a Holiness meeting, part-singing by a well-trained Band cannot be beaten.

Yours sincerely,
G. A.

Look out for a Special
Army Music Issue of THE
WAR CRY, which is now
in the offing.



MOTHERS, DIGEST THIS

Do you want your child to become Proud?—Then tell the neighbors, in his presence, how "wonderfully clever little Victor is."

Foppish?—Then garb him in expensive and ultra-fashionable clothing and do likewise yourself.

Unhealthy?—Then hamper his appetite, permit late hours, and neglect his personal habits.

Selfish?—Then never ask him to do anything that would entail a little sacrifice. Never refuse any request, harmful though it may be. Never cross his desires.

Thrillless?—Then let him spend his pennies indiscriminately. Don't think of introducing a penny-bank in the home, and certainly allow him more pin-money than the average child.

Irreligious?—Never converse with him on spiritual topics. Never pray with or for him. Be indifferent about his attendance at Sunday School.

Never encourage the use of the Bible. But, mothers, reverse the foregoing, and, with Divine aid, your child will learn to walk with delight in right paths and he will be the joy of your life and the comfort of your old age.

RENOVATING VELOURS

When the Pile Has Vanished

A good method of dealing with velour cloth that has become rubbed, is to steam up the pile over a hot iron. To do this, one person must hold the iron upside-down with a damp cloth over it, while another draws the portion to be steamed backwards and forwards over the top, taking care to leave a space of about half an inch between the iron and the garment to be steamed. The wrong side of the coat must be held towards the iron. If another person is not available to hold the iron, place it upside-down with the handle between the two heavy weights or bricks, and the same result can be obtained. Velvet and velveteen—in fact, any cloth with a pile—can be treated in the same way.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Linen, a cloth made from the fibres of flax, has been known for thousands of years.

Soap takes its name from Savona, an ancient seaport town of Italy, famous for its manufacture of soap, in the days of the Romans.

A prize of 1,000 lira is offered by Ali Mahdi Bey to the largest family in Turkey.

More than 100,000,000 pieces of crockery and glass are broken each year in London.

Five hundred tons of meat, the same quantity of fish, and 12,000,000 tons of farm produce are hauled into London every day by railways.

It is now claimed that the decline of population in France is as much due to the infant mortality as to a low birth-rate.

An automatically controlled gas-stove burner has been invented which cuts off the flame when a utensil is lifted off the plate. When the vessel is replaced, the heater lights up again.

London is to have a church exclusively for children. With the exception of the refuse, the organization of the church will be composed entirely of boys and girls.

"Longer and broader" babies are being raised in Germany by feeding them extracts of beef, kidney and other meats as a milk substitute when they are as young as six months.

Our Home Page

Your Baby



ON LIFTING
INFANTS.

By

Alan Brown, M.B.

A new-born infant should be handled as little as possible; that is, no more than is necessary in bathing and caring for him and in changing his position in his crib from time to time. In fact, this rule might be applied to older infants after feeding. It is too frequently the case that after a big meal he is picked up and amused by one of his fond relatives. A baby should never be lifted by the chest, and an infant under six months should never be raised without supporting his head or abdomen. The proper way is to catch hold of his clothing below the feet with the right hand and lay the palm of the left hand under his back with the fingers extended under his head and neck. In this way the entire spine and head will be supported. Until the fifth or sixth month a baby should never be raised without supporting the head at the same time.

Older children should be grasped under the armpits, never by the wrists or arms; serious injury might easily be inflicted.

The Outcast Magdalene

AND WHAT A KISS DID FOR HER

By The General

The heat and smell in the narrow slum were worse than usual. A hot Saturday night in midsummer is a bad time in the slums, and worse in the slum public-house. It was so on the night I speak of. In and out of the suffocating bar the dirty stream of humanity came and went. Men who had ceased long ago to be anything but beasts; women with tiny white children in their bony arms; boys and girls sipping the naphtha of perdition, and talking the talk of fools; lewd and foul-mouthed women of the streets, all hustled and jostled one another, and sang, and swore, and banded horrid words with the bar-men—and, all the while, they drank, and drank, and drank!

The atmosphere grew thicker and thicker with the dust and tobacco smoke, and little by little the flaming gas-jets burnt up the oxygen, till by midnight the place was all but unendurable.

Among the last to go was a woman of the town, who betook herself, with a bottle of whiskey, to a low lodging house hard by. There she drank and quarrelled with such vehemence that in the early hours of the morning the "Deputy"—as the guardian of order is called in these houses—picked her

Another woman chanced that way. Young, beautiful, alike in form and spirit, and touched with the far-offness of many who walk with Christ, she hastened to the early Sunday morning service, there to join her prayers with others seeking strength to win the souls of men.

"What is that?" she asked her friend as they passed.

"That," replied the other, "is a drunken woman, unclean and out-cast."

In a moment the Salvationist knelt upon the stones, and kissed the battered face of the poor wanderer.

"Who is that? What did you do?" said the Magdalene. "Why did you kiss me? Nobody has ever kissed me since my mother died."

It was a kiss, given for Christ's sake, that won the heart of the poor outcast.

HINTS TO PARENTS

If you say "no," mean "no"; unless you have a good reason for changing a command, hold to it. Take an interest in your child's arrangements; your share in what pleases them is a great delight. What are trifles to you are mountains to them. Respect their feelings. Your children are judges. Be honest with them in small things as well as great. If you cannot tell them what they wish to know, say so. If your children become ill, try and make them understand why and how their complaint arose, and the remedy so far as you know it.

PRAYER

The Artist's own finger—
Wide expanse of a blue lake, at
the day's slow ending.
A rose-tinted, cloud-heaped horizon,
with haze-glow beyond,
Sapphire and silver, and gold,
their glorious blaze lending,
And the spent sun's lingering.

We—on the shore playing—
Carelessly, carelessly, through our
hands, the warm and sift-
ing;
Suddenly toward the beauty our
quickened eyes are straining,
Longingly, to the Artist Supreme,
secret souls lifting.
And some call it praying.

—Merrill H. Cook.

up and threw her into the gutter outside.

There, amid the garbage from the costermongers' barrow and the refuse, this remnant of a ruined woman lay in a half-drunken daze, until the golden sunlight mounted over the city houses and pierced the sultry gloom on the Sabbath morning.



FOR EVERY DAY

MONDAY

God has not promised us pleasure, but peace.

TUESDAY

The only poverty is poverty of spirit.

WEDNESDAY

"Lord, teach us how to pray."

THURSDAY

There is nothing so sweet as work if we do it to the glory of God.

FRIDAY

Do not sorrow unduly over a friend gone Home to God.

SATURDAY

"There was no other good enough To pay the price of sin."

SUNDAY

"Dear Father, help me with the love that casteth out my fear."

THE NAZARETH HOME

All that the sweetness, the beauty, the innocence, and the happiness of childhood can do to make home heaven was revealed in the home at Nazareth.

So we think reverently of the hidden life of those thirty years spent in the peace of that country village, and realise how, in the great purpose of God, home is the chosen place of discipline and preparation for the highest work of life. Home has its mysteries of love and peace; its training in sorrow, toil, and joy; its power to shape the destinies of life; its inspiration, its glory, and its hidden work, which Jesus has known and blessed for us by His experience. It dignifies our home-life to remember how sacred the mysteries of home were to Jesus. We need the sympathetic secrecy of the home, its quiet intercourse of mutual love, its life of obedience, its opportunities of peace, its atmosphere of trust and affection, in which we realise ourselves and be prepared for the wider work to which God may call us. It was thus that Jesus, in the sphere of home, "increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God."

RECIPE

A correspondent writes: "I have been a constant reader of THE WAR CRY since I came to Canada, and I take a great delight in poring over its pages. Noticing that you made request for recipes, I submit one of my favorites."

LEMON PIE

4 level tablespoons cornstarch, 2 level tablespoons of cold water, 1 cup sugar, 2 egg yolks, juice of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 cup boiling water. Mix cornstarch with cold water. Pare rind of lemon thinly and steep in boiling water for ten minutes. Separate yolks and white of eggs; separate lemons. Pour boiling water over cornstarch mixture, cook a minute or two, till clear and thick. Add sugar; stir one minute. Add egg yolks; cook another minute, then add lemon and butter and remove from stove at once. Bake in slow oven.

WHOLESOMENESS OR DECAY

The pond lay very still, and its surface was covered with a cloak of tiny green plants. Not far off a river was running—splash, gurgles, swish and ripple.

Said the pond to the river: "You stupid creature, you are always on the move. You will wear yourself out; you carry heavy ships; you push barges, you pull rafts of timber. Why don't you take things easy, like me? If I leaf falls on me, I never move it."

Said the river to the pond: "I want to keep fresh and wholesome, and only by movement and work can water preserve its freshness. I obey the law of work, and my waters remain pure. I shall flow and flow, while you will be forgotten."

The words of the river came true.

The pond grew smaller and smaller; it was choked up with weeds which flourished in its mud; and at last it dried up in the dry clay and was forgotten.

The river flowed on, and still flows, and is honored by all men for its usefulness.

GET INTO THE CRUSADE

Self-Denial All The Year Round

A Bed-rock Principle—A Journal of Joy—The Thin Edge of The Wedge—Slaves Freed and Sin-bound delivered through Messenger of Mercy—"On to the Two Thousand!"

AND now we can breathe again. For another year. For twelve whole months. For the space of fifty-two real weeks we can breathe. And not merely breathe. But boom.

It's been. It's gone. It's all over. Shouting included.

And yet: is it? Is it all over? On more mature consideration I fancy it's only just begun. I'm talking about Self-Denial, of course. And it is not for me to say that it's all over. The reverse would be nearer the truth.

The collecting and the giving; the out-pourings and the in-gatherings—these are but the beginning of the great world-embracing, ocean-spanning effects of our Self-Denial work. Our work will be expanding into the distant territories of space, into the farthest-flung outposts of Time, and over the frontiers of Eternity.

And so it will be: as you go about your daily occupations this year, next year, all-time, ever, there will be dark hearts and dismal homes illumined by the torch which your self-denying efforts have lighted.

There is a bed-rock principle involved here. It is the same with your Booming. It is the same with any work you do, selflessly, and for others. This is it:

Work done for Self is of the earth earthy—it has in it the germs of mortality—it must die. Work done for God is Other-worldly—it bears in it the seeds of immortality—it cannot die.

Take this great task of Booming and examine its immediate and its future relationships. If you are unwise and shortsighted you will regard it as a half-day's Corps work, or as one way of pleasing the Captain, or as a contribution to your personal satisfaction.

Let me say frankly that if to you Booming is that and nothing more, then you are just the kind of Boomer that needs

A LONG HOLIDAY.

Boomers who think this never get a throbb of joy or a thrill of jollity out of their labor. They are never numbered among the Increasers, or ever wear the smile that won't rub out.

Booming is a crusade. It is a sacrament. It is a consecration. It is an act of devotion, of homage, of worship. It is a mission, a message, a manifesto.

You can no more estimate the service you have rendered this world by Booming than you can transcribe the song of the birds into a major key, or set the ripple of the waves to twelve-eight time. Can you see the last circle of eddying water when you throw a stone into the pond? Can you mark the extent of influence on a man's never-dying soul by virtue of reading "How to be saved" in THE WAR CRY?

And now that Self-Denial (as an annual special effort) is over, I trust every Boomer who owes everlasting Salvation to the mercy of God, will take this Messenger of Mercy to those who, without it, are in peril. For the moment I don't base my appeal on such mundane and material matters as an entry in the "Plan of Campaign," or a Toronto Tussle for Triumph, or in a Tug for the Two Thousand. There is more at stake than a Corps Increase—there is a man's soul at stake.

My friends; you stay behind on a Sunday night and fight through a hard Prayer meeting. You go home rejoicing over the one sinner that repenteth. Do you never stop to think that you can add to your soul-saving labors by adding to your sales? Don't think the five cents you get for your WAR CRY is a vital factor in Booming—it costs nearly

five cents to produce each copy of THE WAR CRY. We, at this Headquarters, have been saved higher than the plane where WAR CRY sales are regarded.

IN FIVE-CENT TERMS.

We regard this paper as a Journal of Joy; as a Magazine of Good news; as a Messenger of Mercy. Every copy sold is the thin edge of the Salvation wedge into the heart of a man.

Our Heralds' Gallery



BROTHER WALTON,
Yorkville

There are happy homes which, before THE WAR CRY brought the glad news of the Gospel, were devil-damned dives. There are hearts that are joy-tipped and souls that are joy-tipped by the grandeur of a free and a full Salvation advertised and propagated by THE WAR CRY. Many a preacher has brought fewer seeking sinners to the Saviour than a humble Boomer.

You will begin to see why we believe in THE WAR CRY, and why I urge you to push it. During the past four months we have increased its circulation by 3,000 copies. Neither you nor I have any idea what that means. It is known only to God and the angels.

All that we can know is that 3,000 more clarion calls to the Higher Life have been sounded. God knows the wonderful responses that have been made to those calls. He has seen the young person embarking in the Great Adventure at that call to selfless service. He has seen the tears of the weeping woman stanchied by the faith-provoking, comfort-bringing messages of this journal.

One day, when the skies roll up as a curtain, and the Pearly Gates unfold, and the stars grow cold, and the last prayer is uttered, and the lips are palsied—one day, when the worlds are dead, you will see on the boulevards of Heaven the results of your Booming in the shape of a contingent of the Redeemed, singing, "Glory, Glory, Glory."

Were there any other reason for Booming, some pen, other than mine, would have to be employed in urging you "On to the Two Thousand." But we of this office have proved that in the fight for the right the Power of the Press is no less than the Power of the Platform.

—TOMMY BRIGHT.

THE COMMISSIONER AT PARLIAMENT STREET

(Continued from page 8)

have felt like sharp sword thrusts in the hearts of the unsaved. Nor could they say they knew not the way, for the Commissioner in his plainest language made that perfectly clear, pointing out also that resolves alone were of little use unless coupled with action.

But the "mystery row" sat immobile, and continued so through the Prayer meeting; then they gradually slipped away, still unsaved.

But there was much to rejoice about. For one thing, a smart-looking man walked deliberately down the aisle, and, not understanding the usual Army practice, stood in front of the rail until motioned by the Commissioner to kneel at the Cross, where he confessed to being utterly dissatisfied with the profession he was making, and gave his all to God. Seven others knelt with him and made a glad surrender to King Jesus.

Great Self-Denial Victory

(Continued from page 9)

nodding pates to the front of us, and noticed one particularly active and curly head. Frequently the gentleman's face was wreathed in smiles that were a tonic to the soul. We wondered at his ebullient spirit. However, when the Commissioner read the figures for the Ottawa Division—1925, \$16,821; 1926, \$18,110, showing an increase of \$1,289—we understood all. It was the highest increase of any Division in the Territory, and he of the smiles—referred to above—was Staff-Captain Best, Ottawa's wide-awake Divisional Commander.

The Toronto Temple registered the largest individual Corps total, with \$7,552.31, an increase of \$648.48 over last year. However, of this amount, \$4,676.76 was collected by Subscribers' department representatives. The Yorkville Corps raised \$6,320.54, of which the Officers and comrades collected \$4,000; the T.H.Q. allocation only amounting to \$2,320.24. Considering these facts, it is difficult to fairly adjudicate, and choose a winner. Perhaps Adjutant Ham and

Ensign Godden will share the laurel-wreath.

Interspersing the program were musical items rendered by the Dovercourt Band, Riverdale and Cadets' Songsters.

Now that we have filled the space allotted to us, and have succeeded in exciting your curiosity to concert pitch, we had better inform you as to whether the Territorial Target was smashed or not. Of course some of you, with prophetic instinct, will have surmised the answer. However, let every reader beat peace. The grand total was \$281,020! A mountain-peak, forthright; and \$7,856 above the 1925 figures. It is in order for you to cheer!

Once again Canada East Salvationists have participated with distinction in The Army's great annual drive for the "sinews of war." For every dollar we are grateful. To every donor we say, "Thank you." And upon every donor who collected the dollars from the donors we pray that the blessing of God may abide.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

Y.P.S.-M. MONA REID,

ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

Death has taken from our midst Y.P.S.-M. Mona Reid, and the loss is keenly felt.

As Young People's Sergeant-Major she toiled with devotion and exercised a splendid influence among the young people. As a member of the Band she was fastidious, diligent, and in the factory where she worked, she won the highest respect of employer and employees alike. When her health began to fail she returned to her home in Millville, N.B., where she passed away. At the Memorial service a large crowd was present and there was one seeker.

BROTHER ALLEN,

BYNG AVENUE

On May 10th we laid to rest, in Norway Cemetery, the earthly remains of Brother Allen, an early-day Salvationist. Just before he passed away, he gave to Home League Secretary Mrs. Jones, a clear testimony. Sister Mrs. Allen, who was won for God through the Home League, has been wonderfully upheld. Major Cameron conducted the funeral service, the Corps being represented by a large number of comrades.

SISTER MRS. TOUT,

TORONTO

Mrs. Tout was taken Home on Thursday, May 20th, following a long illness. Whilst laid aside, several comrades visited her and she was led to the Fold. The funeral was conducted by Ensign Boshor, on Friday, May 21st. Sisters Mrs. Ward and Goddard spoke, and a duet was sung by Songsters Mrs. Boys and Mrs. Tuck. The Ensign's remarks brought comfort to the bereaved, with whom we deeply sympathize.

SISTER PARSONS,

BAY ROBERTS, Nfld.

"O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?" we could not but ask as we beheld the perfect serenity and calmness of Sister Parsons as she lay patiently awaiting the Home Call, which came at the age of seventy-three years. Sister Parsons had been a Soldier of this Corps for a number of years. Her last words were: "There are just a few more men." The funeral service was conducted by Commandant and Mrs. Cole and the promoted warrior was laid to rest in The Salvation Army cemetery at Coley's Point. A Memorial service was held the following Sunday when several comrades made tender reference to our departed Sister's faithful life.

"THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM"

When preparing your Will please remember the great needs of The Salvation Army, and so enable its beneficent Mission of Mercy to continue when you have passed away.

FORM OF WILL AND BEQUEST
"I GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH unto the Governing Council of The Salvation Army, Canada East Territory, the sum of \$_____ (or

my property known as No. _____ in the City or Town of _____) to be used and applied by them at their discretion for the general purposes of The Salvation Army in the said Territory."

Or
"I bequeath to General William Bramwell Booth, or other the General for the time being of the Salvation Army, the sum of \$_____ to be used and applied by him at his discretion for the general purposes of the work of The Salvation Army in foreign lands, or the said William Bramwell Booth, or other the General for the time being aforesaid, by his discharge by my Trustees for the said sum."

If the Testator desires the fund or the proceeds of sale of property used in certain work, then add the following clause: "or for use in (Rescue or other) work carried on by The Salvation Army."

For further information apply to COMMISSIONER DOWNTON, 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

OBSERVER AT THE T. H. Q. WINDOW

A Kingdom of Real Enjoyment

"It is so fatally easy to get the habit of reading only the literature of the light or the general sort," said Shaddock Kenyon, in a speech recently. It is distressing to find how much time is spent everywhere in that form of reading, which might, without undue bookishness, be devoted to the reading of books of better work. Many of the public libraries subside on the tastes of those who have not acquired the taste of good literature. Those who have acquired that taste have won a kingdom of real enjoyment—one which will carry them through life, help them in times of difficulty, comfort and refresh when tired, and give knowledge and wisdom. The true life is the life of the mind, and if your mind is to grow you must give it good food.

Three Remedies

"The world is still a tired, bothered old world," said an eminent Bishop of the Church of England recently. To put it right he suggested that three things were needed: comradeship, leadership and strength. The comradeship must not be too big to exclude individual friendship, nor too small to exclude friendship with the nations; leadership must be something more than headship, it must be sane, reasonable, and wise leadership. As to strength, the animal meaning of the word was less with spiritual force and power.

On Making Up One's Mind

It is easy to lay down rules. In general, however, it may be said that the simpler the outlook and the more single the aim the swifter the process of decision. The smaller the mind the sooner made up. Yes, and the greater the mind the sooner (by reason of its great simplicity) made up. We are continually being called upon to exercise our powers of judgment. Every day witnesses decisions considered, made, deferred. And in both the method and date of them we are surely indicating and forming character. Questions in which plain issues of right and wrong are involved should not, of course, take long to decide. Where the path of duty is clearly shown the rule is certain, and, by the same token, clamorously obvious. "This is the way, walk ye in it." Here, at least, no shilly-shally, no difficulty in "making up one's mind."

"This is Provable"

"All the real things of life—love, passion, the joy of surprises and music and children's laughter, the happiness that fills some humble heart to the brim, the bitter dissatisfaction that makes some rich and powerful life a sham and a failure, all the things by which you and I live and suffer and rejoice and die—aren't provable," writes Kathleen Norris, the famous writer. "And this is provable: That the lives that are lived for God are the happiest lives. The closer we get to the Doctrine that was simply spoken to listening fishermen on a hillside 2,000 years ago, the more exquisitely do we sense and taste and hear life—the life that is here and to come, never before, and never to come. Two thousand books—and two thousand years—won't make any sense that Voice said untrue."

Saving Souls by Proxy

A certain minister in a large city was instrumental recently in winning his congregation to make substantial donation to The Salvation Army, stating that in view of the fact that his church, as constituted, did not go out, or would not go out, on the street corners and into the highways and byways to minister to a lost and perishing world, the next best step would be to give liberally to those who would do it.

Doings on The Field

"GOD IS KEEPING HIS

OSHAWA

Adjutant and Mrs. Barclay Commandant and Mrs. Galtway and their families, and a large number of meetings on May 15th, the day being one of the best. The addresses given were enlightening, instructive and profitable. In the afternoon, the Y.P.S. Band and Young People's Band were at the front, both showing encouraging signs of progress. The Y.P.S. Band, under the leadership of Y.P.S.-M. Walker, is undoubtedly on the upgrade. This Department during the last four years has tripled in attendance. Five Junior Soldiers were enrolled in this meeting, and during the last four years the Y.P. Band to the Senior commandant. Week-end's meetings, full of blessing and profit were conducted at the following week-end by Ensign Uden of the Immigration Department. The Ensign's addresses were helpful, and some useful spiritual ploughing took place. Despite unfavorable weather, our Tag Day was a huge success, a considerable increase over last year being obtained.

SHELBURNE, N.S.
Captain Thompson, Lieut. Wambolt Staff Sergeant and Mrs. Wambolt were at the week-end, and on Sunday afternoon paid a visit to the country. Captain Thompson and his wife were delighted with her visit. The Corps Company Meeting was also visited by the Y.P.S. Band, and the Y.P.S. Band, during the Salvo meeting at night, three seekers surrendered. These comrades now attend the meetings and testify.

NORTH SYDNEY
Ensign Clague, Captain Williams and Ensign Clague, Captain Williams, visited us on Sunday, May 23rd. At night, a real old-fashioned Salvation meeting was held, and Ensign Clague very tenderly and skillfully, told the ever-absorbing story of the Cross. On May 24th the Glace Bay Band journeyed here, and, assisted by the Officers of Florence and Glace Bay, a rousing Open-Air was held, followed by an excellent Festival at the Hotel, which was thoroughly enjoyed.

ARNPRIOR
Ensign Lyon, Lieutenant Piche, Ensign Kerr and Ensign Mason, of Ottawa, I., conducted rousing meetings last week-end. A good number of seekers were secured. Ensign Lyon, of the Lantern service on Saturday night, Ensign Bennett was here the following Sunday, when one Junior Soldier was enrolled.

OTTAWA III
Captain and Mrs. Dixon Our Altar service was an increased over last year's total of \$50.00. Last Thursday evening two seekers knelt at the mercy-seat. One of these is a young lady who became interested in The Army through the Self-Denial Office. One of the comrades called at her door for the gift envelope which she had left for her subscription. When she saw the young Salvationist, she said, "Oh, surely you have been to the Self-Denial Office." The comrade found that she was unhappy, and desired to get right with God. She said she had been to the Self-Denial Office, and God wrought a mighty work in her heart, and now she testifies happily. The Officers called on the Officers at Carleton Place for the week-end services and Ensign McGowan and Lieutenant Spicer were here, and were used to bring blessing to us. Lieutenant Spicer spoke in the Holiness meeting and the young woman who had been to the Cross. She was present in the afternoon meeting and gave her testimony. In Sunday evening's service, two young people responded to the invitation.—F.C.

STREATHAM
Adjutant and Mrs. Condie On Sunday, May 30th, appropriate mention was made of the comrades who lost their lives in the "Empress of Ireland" disaster, and a wreath was placed on the Corps memorial tablet. This was annually done by the district. Mrs. Humphreys, whose husband was lost on that occasion, and by Brother W. Humphreys, a benevolent and former Soldier of the Corps. We rejoiced in the surrender of four seekers. Summer services at the Self-Denial meetings were commenced last week-end, the first being well attended. Sunday evening's service was held at the Self-Denial meetings, under the leadership of the Brigade, under Leader Ford. Credit is due Treasurer Perrett, Sergeant Mrs. Blundell and the benevolent staff who so successfully piloted the meetings. Special singing was one pleasing feature of the service, and the singing was derived therefrom. There was one seeker in the night meeting.

MARTIN AVENUE
Ensign Bird, Captain Hart Brigadier Mrs. Green conducted the week-end services. On Saturday, we journeyed to Amherstburg for an Open-Air meeting. Eight comrades sought the Blessing of a new heart in the Holiness meeting. The Brigadier paid the Company Meeting a visit, much to the children's delight. At night more penitents came in. On Monday night the Brigadier gave a portion of her fascinating life story, which was well received and beneficial. Our contribution of \$400.00 for Self-Denial was obtained.

DUNNVILLE
Lieutenant Sheppard On May 30th we bade farewell to Captain Sheppard. The comrades who were paid to the devoted service has been rendered. We are rejoicing over a smashed Self-Denial Target.

SOLDIERS FIGHTING"

RIDGETOWN

Captain and Mrs. Morrison On Thursday, May 20th, the meeting was conducted by Corps Cadet Guardian Mrs. Hore, each Corps Cadet taking part. Our Corps Cadets can not only work in public, but they know how to sell THE WAR CRY and collect for Self-Denial. We believe that they will do even greater things in the future.

HAMILTON V
Captain Rogers, Lieutenant McMillan and Ensign Clague, Captain Williams and Sister C. Scott was conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Moore on Monday, May 24th. The Hall was filled to capacity for the occasion, many people standing. After the service, a banquet was served to about one hundred guests. The best wishes of those gathered were voiced by several speakers.

NORTH TORONTO
Captain Dunkley and Chapman During a recent Spiritual meeting in connection with our Home League, Mrs. Commandant Squarebriggs was present and gave a profitable address on Dorcas. The Home League, under the guidance of Mrs. M. Thompson, is fulfilling its part in the Corps with great acceptance.

WASH PRISON FARM
Commandant and Mrs. Miller Colonel Morehen was with us for a recent meeting, and conducted very successful services on the Sunday, driving a distance of over twenty miles to



If you are "afew of speech" you can still be a publisher of the Good News by getting THE WAR CRY into the homes of the people.

he present. Monday evening was spent with Commandant Miller in interviewing the men; one of these claimed Salvation.

GODERICH
Captain Rindon The London I. Band, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel McAmmond, visited Goderich and Kincardine during the holiday week-end. A Musical was given in the Goderich Citadel on Saturday night, at which Lieut.-Colonel McAmmond ably presided. Sunday morning was spent in Open-Air singing. A Musical in Harbor Park was rendered in the afternoon. A community service in "the Square" followed the inside service in Kincardine. During the week-end, two Musical Festivals were given to a very appreciative crowd. The Band, which was well rewarded with the knowledge that the trip was highly successful, both spiritually and financially.

TORONTO I
Ensign and Mrs. Bosher On Wednesday, June 2nd, a very interesting and instructive program was rendered by sixteen Cadets, entitled "Army Symbols." Bandmaster C. Dray was chairman. The building of the Flag and the Crest took place while appropriate reciting and singing was rendered. On Sunday, June 6th, Adjutant Ensign and Mrs. Bosher, in their business meeting spoke with power. A visit to the Company Meeting followed, and in the afternoon, the Band, and his wife were led to the mercy-seat.

KITCHENER
Ensign and Mrs. Squarebriggs We commenced our Summer Open-Air campaign on Saturday night, June 6th. Fine crowds gathered and a record collection was made. Captain Horwitz, former Officer of this Corps, was present in the Holiness meeting and read the Scripture also. Mrs. Squarebriggs gave the address at night and a rousing Open-Air followed the meeting.—Corres. E. A. RAYNER

WEST TORONTO
Commandant and Mrs. Osborn A splendid crowd witnessed, on Wednesday, June 2nd, the first of our Summer Open-Air campaign. The ceremony was conducted by Commandant Galtway and Mrs. Osborn. We have the best wishes of all. Sunday's meetings were led by Commandant Osborn, who made an excellent address. At night, former Deputy-Bandmaster Mackie and Mrs. Mackie were heartily welcomed back to the Corps. The meeting was at the mercy-seat. Our Home Leagues were delighted and greatly blessed on June 9th, when Mrs. Mackie and her family, accompanied by Mrs. Brigadier Burrows, took charge of the Spiritual meeting. Mrs. Colonel Henry spoke very helpfully.

THE OTHER HALF—HOW THEY LIVE

(Continued from page 6)

pushing. The air seems still peopled with the phantoms of misfortune, and we exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

We look back into the gathering shadows of the old temple and think of its mute images that have been appealed to by millions. We think of the vast multitudes whose representatives we have just looked upon, and of the death trail left by war, famine and flood. What is the cause of it all? "Lacking an hope, and without God." Yes! That is the secret—"WITHOUT GOD." What failure and sorrow and suffering and death must come to every creature, every nation, that lives "Without God."

But in the midst of all this saddening darkness, what is it that keeps alive our hope? It is simply faith in the truth that "with God nothing shall be impossible."

"WITH GOD"—the slogan that shall sweep away heathendom and bring the solution to all earth's problems. May God's people the world over pray earnestly that His Spirit shall be outpoured on needy China. More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of. If the spirit of intercession is stirred on behalf of China, the floods must come on the thirsty land, and the people, even in their ignorance, will turn to the True God.

THE BRUISED ON THE JERICHO ROAD

(Continued from page 8)

trophies of grace, buried in the same grave in Bradford, is "Dad" J. J., who had spent forty-two years of his life in a convict prison. He was an old London burglar who had been led to Christ through the instrumentality of the Men's Social Work. After his conversion, he would often be heard singing, "Some one will enter the pearly gates; shall you, shall I?"

When he was dying, recently, he said to the Officer in Charge, "The Christ who came into my heart when I knelt at the penitential-form two years ago in the Shelter: I with me now, and I am going to live with Him." Thus he passed away, a sinner saved by grace, leaving behind him a beautiful influence which has made a powerful impression upon the men of the Shelter.

DOVERCOURT

Adjutant and Mrs. Riches Commandant and Mrs. Galtway, formerly Officers in charge of the Corps, were with us for Sunday, June 6th, and the services were rich in spiritual uplift and instruction. In the morning the Band visited Christie Street Hospital and dispensed cheerful music to the patients while at the Citadel, a service of warmth and power was led by the Ensign, Captain Rindon, in the series of Summer "Open-Air" services was commenced in Willowdale Park. In this service, the Band, which was well rewarded by acceptable playing of the Band all tended to edify the large crowd that gathered. At night, both Ensign and Mrs. Galtway spoke effectively, the Commandant's illuminating address on "The Great Commandment" being charged with interest and power.

VERDUN

Adjutant and Mrs. Robinson Last Sunday we had with us Adjutant and Mrs. Atkinson. Mrs. Atkinson opened Verdun Corps twelve years ago, delighted her to see so many comrades of that day still at the battle-front in the afternoon and took place.

HANOVER

Captains Bobbitt and Pettigrew Staff-Captain Sparks was with us for the week-end of May 29th and 30th, and his talks to both Seniors and Juniors brought inspiration and blessing. The Senior Altar services showed an increase of \$25.00, while the Self-Denial effort resulted in an increase of \$120.00.

CAMPAIGNERS VISIT OAKVILLE A party of fifty comrades of the Temple Corps visited Oakville on Tuesday, June 1st. A stirring march through the town was succeeded by a bright meeting. In this service, the Band, which was led sweetly, and Adjutant Ham gave an earnest address. There was one seeker.—A.F.



When "Big Ben" Strikes

WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE ALONGSIDE LONDON'S FAMOUS TIME-KEEPER WHEN HE KEEPS HIS APPOINTMENTS WITH ETERNITY

"Come quickly!" shouted my guide from the platform near the bells.

"I ran down and stood leaning over an iron fence, watching the great nest of five bells, as the passenger in a ship leans over the deck rail," says a writer in a London daily paper.

"No warning; and then—
"Startling, hair-raising sound broke suddenly from the four Little Bens

"It seemed to me that Big Ben was striking in my head. . . .

"Bang!

"It seemed to me that the tower of the Houses of Parliament could not remain erect another minute. . . .

"Bang!

"It seemed to me that the whole of London must surely be alarmed at this!

"Bang!

BRAIN REST

Mr. Eustace Miles, the well-known English Food Reformer, in a recent lecture put forward the idea that rest was of many different kinds. Besides sleep, there were muscular relaxation and general reposefulness, which might be far more refreshing than sleep itself, especially if the sleep were restless and dreamy. Another form of brain-rest was change of activity, either to brain-work of some other kind or to recreation of one sort or another, or to physical exercise, which was not always recreation.

The physical exercises should tend to improve the posture of the body, and the depth, fullness, and rhythm of the breathing.

Among other helps were pure foods and drinks, for brain-fatigue, like body-fatigue, was due largely to an acid condition of the system; and this, in turn, was due far more to wrong foods and drinks than people suspected. A pure, balanced dietary, with plenty of pure water to clear out the acids and waste-matters, was one of the best means of producing brain-rest.

A "NIGHT-AIR" FALLACY

"Proper ventilation of the living quarters is essential to health, and there is no more effective ventilator than the open window. The window should be open as wide as possible when practicable; for to open it just a little creates one of those small currents of air which we call 'draughts,'" writes Dr. Cecil Webb-Johnson.

"These are dangerous, and the frequent parents of coughs and catarrh. A larger current of air does no harm, as it plays upon a wider surface of the body. We do not talk of 'draughts' when we are out-of-doors.

"There is a popular superstition that breathing what is called 'night air' is dangerous to health. As 'night air' is the only kind of air available at night, we have to breathe a certain amount of it whether we like it or not.

"As a matter of fact, the air at night is likely to be purer than it is in the day. There are not so many chimneys throwing out smoke at night, nor is there so much traffic in the streets stirring up the germ-laden dust."

COUNT YOUR PULSE

For once count your pulse as you stand—not sprinting or climbing stairs, but merely "standing at ease." Now lie down, and, after a little rest, count again. You will find a difference of perhaps ten beats in a minute. How many beats does your heart save, then, in bed for eight hours, say, as compared with even just standing at ease? Few people realise what rest in bed really counts for, but by this simple observation you can, in part, really see what it counts for.

FLYING DOCTORS

The distinguished specialist who flies once in a while to a rich, unfortunate, and distant patient is already familiar to most of us. Less is known of the systematic use of aeroplanes for the sick and injured, although the ambulance aeroplane has already done good service.

"If an aeroplane can take the patient to the doctor it can also take the doctor to the patient," says the Lancet. This second life-saving use for the aeroplane is particularly applicable to Australia, with its average population density of only 1.83 persons per square mile, and the April number of the World's Health tells how the aeroplane is helping to solve the problem of providing medical aid to distant settlers in that country.

A single doctor at Darwin has a practice extending over an area ten times that of Great Britain, but the condition of roads and absence of bridges no longer prevent him from reaching patients far off in the Bush.

The Australian Inland Mission, which has already been instrumental in supplying nursing homes to the "Outer Bush," is now proposing to extend its activities to supplying doctors by aeroplane. It has therefore mapped the central part of the continent into circular districts, each with a radius of 200 miles which could be covered by flying doctors when necessary.

As a first step, the Mission proposes to develop a wireless service and to educate bushmen in its use. The plan includes utilisation of the regular mail aeroplane services to furnish personnel and equipment, under contract, for carrying these flying doctors.

In Nigeria, the wife of a British official was bitten by a mad dog and—by the courtesy of the Governor of French West Africa, who sent her an aeroplane—was transported 1,300 miles to the Pasteur Institute at Dakar, which she could not otherwise have reached for a month.

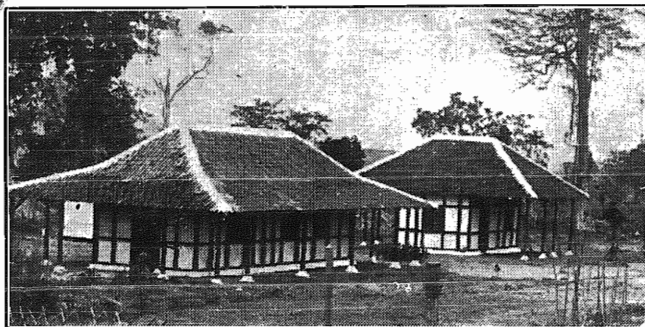
"The aeroplane, it is evident," concludes the Lancet, "has its record of salvation as well as of destruction, and in the face of so rapid an advance it is not surprising to learn that in Columbia (South America) a hospital is being built with a flat roof on which, it is hoped, the regular ambulances will alight with their cargo."

TRAVELS OF A SALMON

Fish movements are still a puzzling and mysterious subject, but they are enormously important to the big cold countries where the fisheries are rich.

By attaching silver tags to the fins of Atlantic salmon, Canada has been gaining some curious knowledge about these important fish. Equally at home in the rivers and the sea, they cover huge distances between their feeding grounds in a surprisingly short space of time.

One that was marked and liberated at the southern end of Nova Scotia last June, and was caught early in July in the Moisie River, Quebec, in making the journey must have travelled between 800 and 1200 miles in less than a month.



Wards in Leper Colony on the Island of Lambok, Dutch East Indies

and ran round them again. Before every hour they say:

"All through this hour, Lord, be my guide,

And, by Thy Power, no foot shall slide."

"Then they stop to let Big Ben do his gigantic bit. . . .

"It seemed that Big Ben gathered himself together to tell London that it was five o'clock. In a flash the great battering ram drew itself apart from the bell, and—

"Bang!

"It seemed to me that a howitzer had fired a shell. . . .

"Bang!

"It seemed to me very beautiful that it was not twelve o'clock!

• • • • •

"The hammer came to rest against the hard cheek of Big Ben, but the sound went on and on and on up there in the clock tower. It was shattering, unforgettable. I looked down into London, but no one seemed surprised. . . .

"On the way earthwards in the spiral tube I sank into an angry rumble of sound, the echoes of the great noise made when Big Ben has one of his many appointments with Eternity."

MEASURING THE STARS

One of the most remarkable feats of astronomy has just been accomplished by Professor A. A. Michelson. By means of an instrument of his own invention, named the interferometer, he has measured a fixed star. It is now known for the first time that Betelgeuse, a star which is visible to the naked eye throughout most of the winter, has a diameter of no less than 260,000,000 miles. Compared with Betelgeuse, this earth is a mere billiard ball, for the former's bulk is many million times the larger. The sun, if it were a hollow sphere, would hold a million globes as large as the earth, and yet the volume of the sun is twenty-seven times less than that of Betelgeuse. It is believed by scientists that as the sun, many millions

of years ago, filled the entire solar system, there is a possibility that stars even larger than Betelgeuse may exist. The great astronomer, Russell, once stated that in his opinion there were two great classes of stars—those which were in an early stage of development, and those which have shrunk to the size represented by the sun. Professor Michelson's measurements were made with the aid of the 100-inch Hooker telescope, the largest in the world, at the Mount Wilson Observatory, California. Without going into technical details, it may be stated that the professor's method is based on the phenomenon known as the interference of light, and his achievement marks a great advance.

"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—Mark 8:36.

COMING EVENTS

COMMISSIONER and MRS. SOWTON

Sudbury—Wed., June 16th.
North Bay—Thurs., June 17th.
Cobalt—Fri., June 18th.
Timmins—Sat.-Sun., June 19-20th.
Cochrane—Mon., June 21st.
Kitchener—Sat.-Sun., June 26-27th
(Opening of new Citadel).
Massey Hall—Tues., June 29th
(Commissioning of Cadets).

Exhibition Park TORONTO

THURSDAY, JULY 1ST DOMINION DAY and FOUNDER'S DAY CELEBRATIONS

See later announcement.

The Chief Secretary (COLONEL HENRY)

Ottawa—Thurs., June 17th (Nurses' Graduation).
Montreal 1—Sun., June 20th.
Massey Hall—Tues., June 29th
(Commissioning of Cadets).

COLONEL ADBY: Oshawa, Wed., June 23rd.

COLONEL MOREHEN: Kingston, Sat.-Sun., June 19-20th.

LIEUT.-COLONEL LEVI TAYLOR: Ottawa, Thurs., June 17th; Ottawa I, Sun., June 20th (morning and night); Ottawa II, Sun., June 20th (afternoon); Ottawa III, Mon., June 21st; North Bay, Tues., June 22nd; Kitchener, Sat.-Sun., June 26-27th.

LIEUT.-COLONEL McAMMOND: Tillsonburg, Sat.-Sun., June 19-20th; Aylmer, Mon., June 21st; Strathroy, Wed., June 23rd; Hamilton, Thurs., June 24th; London I, Sun., June 27th. Staff-Captain Sparks will accompany.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MOORE: Niagara Falls, Sat.-Sun., June 19-20th; Bridgeburg, Tues., June 22nd; Kitchener, Sat.-Sun., June 26-27th.

MRS. LIEUT.-COLONEL MORRIS: Sydney, Wed., June 16th; New Aberdeen, Thurs., June 17th; Glace Bay, Sat.-Sun., June 19-20th; Sydney Mines, Mon., June 21st; Truro, Tues., June 22nd; Springhill, Wed., June 23rd; Amherst, Thurs., June 24th; Sackville, Fri., June 25th; Charlottetown, Sat.-Sun., June 26-27th; Moncton, Tues., June 29th; Campbellton, Wed., June 30th.

BRIGADIER BLOSS: Haliburton, Thurs., June 17th; Rhodes Ave., Sun., June 20th; Port Hope, Sat.-Sun., June 26-27th.

BRIGADIER BURROWS: Toronto I, Sun., June 20th.

MAJOR BURTON: St. Stephen, Sat.-Sun., June 19-20th; Sussex, Sat.-Sun., June 26-27th.

MAJOR CAMERON: Haliburton, Thurs., June 17th; Byng Ave., Sun., June 20th.

MAJOR AND MRS. KENDALL: Renfrew, June 19th-25th.

MAJOR KNIGHT: Sudbury, Wed., June 16th; North Bay, Thurs., June 17th; Cobalt, Fri., June 18th; North Bay, Tues., June 22nd; Timmins, Sat.-Sun., June 19-20th; Cochrane, Mon., June 21st; *Electrotyping, Thurs.-Fri., June 24-25th; *Sudbury, Sat.-Sun., June 26-27th; Bracebridge, Tues., June 29th. *Mrs. Knight will accompany.

MAJOR AND MRS. MACDONALD: Montreal IV, Sun., June 20th.

THE TRADE DEPARTMENT

OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORKERS

Now in stock, new design Young People's Pledge Cards.

SINGING COMPANIES.

Songs for Young People—Album No. 5.
Singing Company Members' Sashes and Badges, also Singing Company Leaders' Badges.

PROFICIENCY BADGES—Chums and Sunbeams.

These are now to be had in quantities, also a Bronze Pin for Chums' private wear.

CERTIFICATES.

Illuminated Cradle Roll Certificates.
Illuminated Dedication Certificates.
Directory Certificates.

TAILORING SECTION.

We can now give quick service and guarantee satisfaction—send for samples.

Let us make you a grey suit for the Summer season, either uniform or civilian.

CAPS.

We have in stock an extra light-weight, grey-blue, shot silk, Uniform Cap for Summer wear. Now is the time to purchase.

Note.—All enquiries promptly answered. For further particulars, prices, etc., write

THE TRADE SECRETARY
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UNIFORM STRAW HATS—(Women)

FOR ALL RANKS—OFFICERS OR PRIVATE

Best Milan Straw	\$5.00
Second Quality	\$3.00

Complete with Crest

Postage or Express EXTRA Sizes 7, 7 1/4, 7 1/2

NOTE—Order now, or you will miss a great chance

MAJOR McELHINEY: Peterboro, Wed., June 16th; Oshawa, Sat.-Sun., June 19-20th.

MAJOR RITCHIE: Sydney, Sat.-Sun., June 19-20th; Whitney Pier, Mon., June 21st; Glace Bay, Tues., June 22nd.

MAJOR THOMPSON: Rhodes Avenue, Mon., June 20th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN OWEN: Sydney, Wed., June 16th; New Aberdeen, Thurs., June 17th; New Waterford, Sat.-Sun., June 19-20th; Whitney Pier, Mon., June 21st; Glace Bay, Tues., June 22nd; North Sydney, Sat.-Sun., June 26-27th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN RICHARDS: Digby, Sat.-Sun., June 19-20th; Bridgetown, Mon., June 21st.

STAFF-CAPTAIN RITCHIE: Hamilton V, Sat.-Sun., June 19-20th; Bridgeburg, Tues., June 22nd.

STAFF-CAPTAIN SPOONER: Cobourg, Sat.-Mon., June 19-21st; Rhodes Ave., Sun., June 27th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN WRIGHT: Montreal V, Sun., June 20th.

MAJOR AND MRS. KENDALL: Montreal Division CAMPAIGN
Trouton, Sat.-Sun., July 3-4th; Picton, Mon.-Tues., July 5-6th; Belleville,

Wed.-Thurs., July 7-8th; Kingston, Sat.-Sun., July 10-11th; Nanapan, Mon.-Tues., July 12-13th; Gananoque, Wed.-Thurs., July 14-15th; Brockville, Sat.-Sun., July 17-18th; Prescott, Mon.-Tues., July 19-20th; Cornwall, Wed.-Thurs., July 21-22nd; Montreal II, Sat.-Sun., July 24-25th; Verdun, Mon.-Tues., July 26-27th; Montreal V, Wed.-Thurs., July 28-29th; Montreal I, Sat.-Sun., July 31-August 1st.

HOME LEAGUE APPOINTMENTS

TORONTO EAST DIVISION

Mrs. Colonel Henry—Yorkville, Thurs., June 17th; Todmorden, Wed., June 30th.
Mrs. Brigadier Bloss—Riversdale, Tues., June 29th.
Major Holman—Greenwood, Thurs., June 24th.
Mrs. Commandant A. Smith—Bedford Park, Thurs., June 24th.
Mrs. Adjutant Mead—Byng Avenue, Thurs., June 24th.

TORONTO WEST DIVISION

Mrs. Colonel Henry—Lisgar Street, Thurs., June 24th.
UNATTACHED
Mrs. Colonel Henry—Temple, Tues., June 22nd.

We are looking for you



The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address Colonel W. Morehen, James and Albert Sts., Toronto, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope. One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

DAVIS, William—Height 5 ft. 8 in.; stout; dark complexion; deaf, wears ear trumpet; Assurance agent; last heard of in Toronto.

WOODS, George Henry—Well-built; fair complexion; age 13 years; disappeared with his mother.

VERE, Alfred George—English, age 33 years, height 6 ft. 1 in., black hair, brown eyes, pale complexion. Single, missing since about August, 1925. Last known address, "Salvation Army, Canada." Anyone knowing his whereabouts, please communicate.

MACDONALD, Charles—Age 24; born in Charleston, U.S.A. Last heard of in Everett, Mass. Probably enlisted during War, and may have been wounded and at present an invalid in a Soldiers' Hospital. Aunt anxious for news.

RAE, Thomas—Age 50. Height 6 ft., fair hair (probably turning grey), grey eyes, fair complexion. Engaged in farming; Irish by birth. Women's figures tattooed on right arm. Last wrote from Montreal. Any news will be thankfully received.

HACKING, James—Married, age 50. Height 5 ft. 6 in. Native of Blackpool, England. First finger on left hand stiff. Very stout and bald. May be foreman in construction work or working as a cook on boats. Wife making enquiries. 16017
BROWN, Michael—Age 32, tall, stout, fair complexion. Was a seaman at 16th Battalion. When last heard of was single, belonging to Roman Catholic Church.

15940
Please communicate with Lieut.-Colonel DeBrisay, Salvation Army, James and Albert Sts., Toronto, regarding the above mentioned persons. One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

BELL, Violet Winter—Age about 40 years; height 5 ft. 3 in.; light hair; blue eyes, and fair complexion. When last heard of was residing in Toronto. Has daughter about 15 years of age.

VACHER, Louisa Alberta—Age 49 years; height 5 ft. 1 in.; dark hair; brown eyes; fair complexion. Native of Kent, England. Came to Canada under The Salvation Army, 1906.

COOPER, Dorothy—May be passing as Mrs. Nuttall or Mrs. Berranger.

Blonde hair; naturally curly, slope nose, blue eyes, height 5 ft. 4 in., grey eyes, weight about 120 lbs. Left home with David James Nuttall, alias Berranger; medium fair, age 29. Fish bismark on spine.

5 ft. 4 in., weight about 145 lbs, auto mechanic. Anyone knowing whereabouts, please communicate.

WOODS, Sarah—Height 5 ft.; dark bobbed hair, turning grey; last known to be in Toronto. Information urgently sought.

DRAPER, Miss Elizabeth, or Mrs. Alfred Walbridge—About 68 or 70 years of age. Came to Canada when about 10 years old, with a family by name of McLaurie. Last heard of since 1875, when she was in Essex County, Ontario. Height 5 ft. 4 in., eyes dark, hair dark. Mrs. Sarah King of Calumet, U.S.A., enquires.

McKEAN, Isabella Black—Age 30; fair hair; blue eyes, complexion fair. Born in Leith, Scotland. Sister enquires.

MULLINS, Martha McDonald (nee Dickson)—Age 36; height 5 ft. 1 in.; dark hair and eyes; sallow complexion; was employed in laundry work; native of Whiteinch, Glasgow. Second daughter turned in left eye. Mother enquires.

OCEAN TRAVEL

Officers, Soldiers and friends of The Salvation Army intending to go to Europe, will find it distinctly to their advantage to book passage with The Salvation Army Immigration Department.

Bookings from the British Isles can also be arranged.

Add your communication to: The Resident Secretary,

341 University St., Montreal, or to THE SECRETARY at

114 Beckett Street, Toronto.

565 Ontario St., London, Ont. 87 Brydges St., Moncton, N.B.

Smith Falls, Ont. 508 Dundas St., Woodstock, Ont.

ON
THE
JERICHO
ROAD.

(See page 3)



The WAR CRY

GREAT
SELF-
DENIAL
VICTORY.

(See page 9)

Official Gazette of The Salvation Army in Canada East,
Newfoundland and Bermuda

Number 2175

TORONTO, JUNE 19th, 1926

Price FIVE CENTS

OUR world is troubled. Sore and grievous are the troubles that rest upon many nations. Wars, industrial disputes, famine, pestilence, biting poverty and grave unemployment, men's hearts failing them for fear of what the future may bring—these are some of the burdens which sister nations are carrying.

And even where the burdens rest more lightly, there is still the heavy aftermath of the great war, with its desolated homes and its unsettled and disturbing peace. The world is surely a troubled world and the children of God had never a better opportunity to demonstrate the value of the Gospel which they preach.

Can that Gospel meet the need of the hour? Is there in it the message of peace and power which the world so sorely needs? Is there any spirit which to-day is able to brood over the abyss and speak again the words of power, and bring light into the darkness? Is there any one who can now stand upon the raging sea and with his word quiet the wind and waves as once before was stilled the Galilean tempest? Has the voice power to say, "Peace! Be still!" to this modern storm?

To those who know something of the power of God there is neither hesitation nor fear in answering the question. The winds and the sea still bow to the bidding of the Son of God.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ will not untangle for us every intellectual or theological knot; it does not profess to explain all the mysteries of nature; it does not undertake to answer all the anxious questionings of the human heart; it does not reveal the future; there are, in fact, a great many things which it does not do. But it does one thing—it reveals God to man as the all-loving Father and the omnipotent Saviour.

It does not explain just how God works, nor why; but it tells us unhesitatingly that, despite all seeming evil, there is an unfathomable love which is the motive power of the universe, and faith rests in that, and peace comes to the trusting soul. God is in His heaven; God is in His earth; and if this be true, then somehow all things must be "working together for good."

THOUGHTS FROM THOUGHTFUL MINDS

"Don't be small because of smallness of surroundings."

"There are always chances of making progress on old ground as well as new."

"Our time, as well as our souls, has been redeemed by the sacrifice of Jesus Christ."

"Every hour and every power for 'Christ and duty.'"

"Sincerity is like dye; it goes through everything, and so we need to be sincere in our prayers, in our actions, and in our testimonies."

"The future of The Army is being influenced by our actions now. The old Officers adapted themselves to the needs of the people, and have made The Army what it is to-day."

"Don't be found in the houses of friends when Christ comes, if you could be where the people need you."

"God's Salvation is greater than man's sin."

"Don't go to bed at night without some definite assurance that you are right with God."

"Let others benefit by our experience."

"Be like Paul, a preacher and a witness."

"Some people live on desires. When their desire goes down, their religion goes down."

"Sometimes we lose what God has for us by hastening away."

Words used by the Founder in his last public meeting: "While there is a poor lost girl on the streets, I will fight; while little children go hungry, I will fight; while there is a drunkard left, while there is a woman in prison, while there is a poor lost soul without light, I will fight, I will fight to the end."

"The cry of a woman at the penitent-form, quoted by the General: 'Lord, I want You to forgive me, so help me to forgive him.'"

The General, reading the story of the feeding of the five thousand, from St. Mark's Gospel, remarked, "What is given to God He multiplies. Go tell the people, and He will give you words. Go love them, and He will give you love."

How Men Are Finding Christ

Unique Soul-saving Scenes—Penitent-form in a London Street
—Traffic Diverted—Seekers Round Open Grave

Soul-saving happenings, believed to be unique even in Salvation Army history, were witnessed at Woolwich at the funeral, on a recent Tuesday, of Sergeant-Major Fletcher. At the service, conducted by Brigadier Dalziel outside the promoted warrior's house, six men and women pushed their way through the crowd, which was so dense that all traffic had to be diverted, and, kneeling beside the drum, sought Salvation.

A similarly dramatic scene was witnessed at the cemetery, for on the boards around the open grave another five seekers knelt in penitence. Again, on Sunday night, the Spirit of God moved mightily upon the people, so much so, that one man knelt at the drum-head in the Open-air gathering on Beresford Square, while other twenty-nine souls surrendered at the indoor Memorial Service.

Thus does God honor, even in death, a sanctified life.

A "Professor" Becomes a "Possessor" in a Crowded Railway Coach

Envoy Osborne, of Toronto, relates an interesting happening in connection with a campaign he recently conducted in New Brunswick. Whilst on the train traveling to his appointment, a gentleman opened a conversation with him regarding spiritual matters. The Envoy quickly discerned that his companion was a professor, rather than a possessor of religion, and dealt with him faithfully about his soul. The man began to weep.

Seizing the opportunity, the Envoy asked him if he would not like then and there to have a definite knowledge of Salvation from sin.

"Yes, I would," replied the penitent.

Falling on their knees in the crowded railway coach they prayed, the penitent's sobbing bringing on the scene the conductor, who stood by respectfully, cap in hand, until the two arose from their knees.

With happy countenance the new convert testified to the possession of the peace which passeth understanding.

How can this be done? Must we wait until all men are converted? If so, what hope for speedy peace? Fortunately for us our race is a hero-worshipping, hero-following race, and if only we can get a few of our leaders to adopt this principle of the Golden Rule we shall find plenty of followers. We shall not reach complete success by a single bound, but we shall come perceptibly nearer to it even through our failures. And in the struggle for national and international righteousness we must have patience. The result is worth a thousand failures.

HOPE ALWAYS

Christ ever calls to Hope—He bids us rise again from the worst defeat. In the Kingdom of Grace there is always margin enough to start again, and to build up a noble life; even down to life's latest hour this remains true.

HOW TO BE SAVED

You must recognize that you are a sinner in the sight of God, and that you are in danger of losing your soul. You must be willing to give up wrong doing of every kind, and put right, as far as is possible, any wrong you may have done. If you are willing in this fashion, you may safely rely upon God's willingness to hear your cry for pardon.

Call upon Him, then, to-day, for He says, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." You can be pardoned, cleansed, and made anew by faith in Jesus Christ.

HAVE YOU SETTLED IT?

Have you a soul? A woman was very angry once when I asked her this. "What do you mean?" she said. "Do you mean to insult me? Of course I have a soul as much as you have!"

"I am glad to hear it. Is it saved?"

"Saved? No; I don't know that it is."

"Then, how monstrously inconsistent for you to be so offended at my asking if you had a soul, and in the next breath you confess it is not saved. Do you not see what monstrous folly it is to profess to have a soul, and yet never take one hour's serious consideration to know how it is to be saved? You had better believe you have no soul at all; you would be far less inconsistent and wicked."

My friend, have you a soul? Will you stand there and tell me you have and at the same time that you have never taken any time to consider what is to become of it—that you have never faced the great problems of God's Book, nor asked yourself what you are going to do in case of death—that you have no plan for Eternity, and yet you believe you have a soul?

Surely the time past will suffice for such folly. Will you act like a rational being; will you face the fact of your soul's destiny, and settle the question whether you will be saved or lost for ever? Will you? I call on you in the name of reason, of God, of Christ, of Eternity, to settle whether you will have your soul saved or not.